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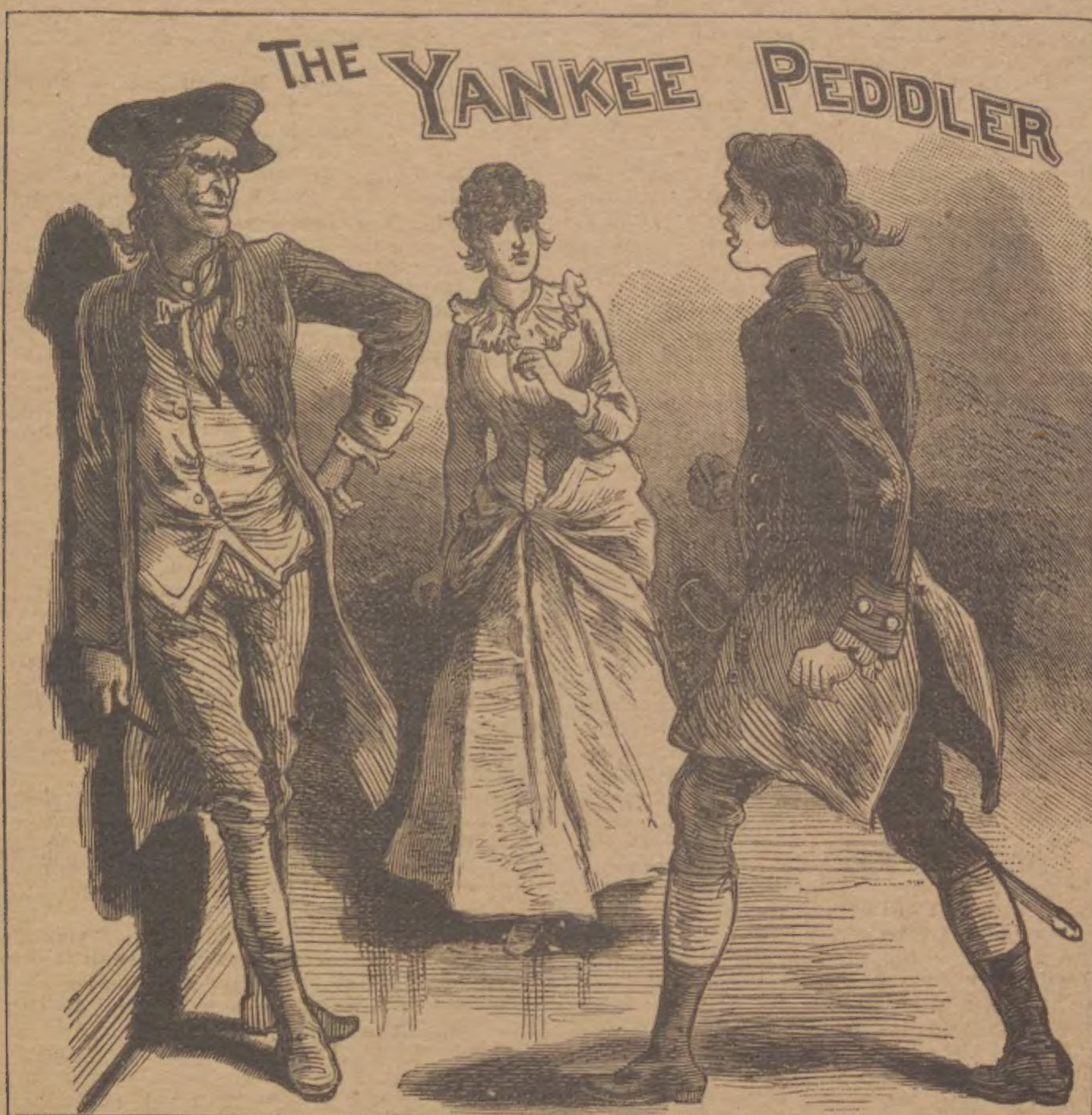
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"MEAN TU PITCH INTU ME, I GUESS," HE SAID. "NOW, DON'T YOU DO IT."



# The Yankee Peddler;

OR,  
JABEZ HAWK, THE SPY.

A Romance of Early Virginia.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK,  
AUTHOR OF "LONGSHORE LIFE," "CRUISE OF  
THE FLYAWAY," "THE FLYAWAY  
AFLOAT," "THE YOUNG  
MUSTANGER," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE BROAD ARROW.

A DEER lay dead upon the greensward of a rugged slope in the valley of the James. An arrow protruded from his dappled side, and the mark of a bullet showed itself behind the shoulder. Two men stood upon opposite sides, one with a long knife in his hand, and the other holding a keen sword. The first was an Indian of the Shawnee nation—a man straight as a pine, with the fire of intelligence in his bright-black eyes. His long hair, without a wave, dropped upon his shoulders. His dress was the simple costume of his nation. A short hunting-shirt of tanned buckskin, dressed to a degree of softness rarely attained now, reached half-way to the knee. A belt of the same material was passed about his waist, and into this was thrust a heavy hatchet, and the sheath of the knife in his hand. A bow lay at his feet, and a quiver full of arrows, showed itself over his shoulder. His eyes were flashing angrily as their glance was bent upon the young man who stood opposite, regarding him with an equally savage stare.

This second person was hardly a man yet. He might have been twenty years of age. In person he was tall, nearly six feet, of a very dark complexion, and his hair, curled in profusion, was nearly of the same length as that of the Indian who opposed him. He was a model of manly beauty and grace. His face was exquisitely cut, and a single glance showed that he carried patrician blood in his veins. The eyes were dark as those of the Indian, and would have been handsome, but for their steel-like glitter, as he faced the Shawnee. His hand clutched the sword-hilt savagely, and it seemed that he kept himself by an effort from leaping upon the enemy, who stood his ground boldly enough.

"What you want?" said the Indian, speaking in broken English. "What good you do here? This my meat. I kill him."

"I own he has your arrow in him," replied the white hunter. "But if you will look at him you will see my mark behind his shoulder. I have known a deer to live for weeks with an arrow in his body, but no one ever heard of one which lived after I had planted a bullet there."

He turned over the dead animal with his foot and pointed with his sword to the mark of the bullet. The Indian shook his head.

"Mine, I say. I am Manton, the Shawnee. I kill this deer. You go away and find another."

"Soul of my body, Indian, but you are wondrous impudent! Go away, say you? Not I! This is my game, and I will have it."

"Mine," repeated the Indian, in savage tones. "The Shawnee has the best right. White men scare the game from the woods. Once there was a time when Manton could kill a deer within a bow-shot of his wigwam. Do so no more. Game all gone far away. White hunters score the ground with axes. Deer make away."

"Don't talk to me, Indian. Do I care whether you are Manton, the Shawnee, or some other red scoundrel? It makes no difference to me whatever. Let me tell you that I am not the man to give up the game I have killed to any one, be he black, white or red. Go your ways and kill another deer if you can. This one belongs to me."

The Indian clutched the handle of his knife convulsively, while he laid one hand upon the antlers of the deer and tried to drag it away. But the white man seized it upon the other side, and held it fast.

"No, no, my man. Fair play is a jewel. Now let me say a word to you which you can understand. If you do not go away at once I will kill you. These red devils grow more impudent day by day."

The Indian released his hold of the antler and stood up, his eyes fairly blazing with fury. The white man did the same. Planting one foot upon the body of the deer, he threw himself upon his guard and waited. The Indian seemed in no hurry to begin the attack.

"Now look," he said. "If we fight, one of us die. Maybe you, maybe me. Can't tell now. Better we not fight."

"Then go away while you can. I give you my word and honor that if you wait much longer I will attack you."

"Won't give Manton the deer?"

"Never."

The Indian made a forward leap and got within the blade of the sword, grappling the other firmly by the wrist. The young white man darted out his left hand and caught the arm which would have driven the knife to his heart, as it descended. There they stood, two perfect types of manhood, both young, active, and stalwart in frame. It was hard to indicate the victor. With teeth hard set, they struggled for the throw. Up and down the sod they trampled to and fro for the space of half an hour, and neither had gained the least advantage. The endurance of the two men was severely tried, and though the breath came short through their set teeth, no one could say who had the worst of it. At length they paused by mutual agreement, still locked in that deadly grapple, to draw breath.

"By my life," said the white man, "you almost deserve the deer. But, you shall have my life-blood before I will give it to you now."

"Manton will die before he will give it to the white man," hissed the Indian.

"Good blood! I've had many a struggle before now, in this country and across the water, but I never met the man yet who could put me on my back. You are the best I ever saw. Are you ready?"

"Always ready," said Manton.

The fierce struggle went on for some moments



longer, and it was evident that the iron constitution of the Indian was beginning to tell against the less toughened muscles of the young hunter. His face was flushed, and the purple veins seemed about to burst through the skin. But his courage was undiminished. He practiced every artifice of the wrestler by which to overthrow his antagonist. His feet were always on the alert to take advantage of any misstep upon the part of the warrior. His time came at length. By a sudden movement, he brought his toe down across the right foot of Manton, and he staggered. The white man threw himself forward to finish the struggle, and they fell together. But, Manton turned him in the air and fell on top. That did not end the battle. The firm hand of the white man still clasped the knife-hand of his enemy, and though he had him down, the Shawnee could do no injury in their present position. The strength of one must wear out that of the other, and the longest wind must win the battle. The white man did not think of giving up. Neither did he attempt to overturn the savage, but lay there panting, and getting his breath, before he renewed the contest, maintaining his grip upon the red-man's wrist. The savage saw that danger menaced him if he allowed his enemy to catch his breath, and made desperate efforts to free his knife-hand from the strong grasp in which it was held. The white man was too wary for that, and his only aim seemed to be to keep the Indian down upon his breast, and hold him there.

"Ha, Indian," he said, "you have not got me yet, though you squirmed in the air like an eel and fell on top. I shall have you yet."

"Give me the deer?" said Manton.

"Not much. You must kill me if you ever eat that venison," replied the other.

The Shawnee ground his teeth and tried to raise himself on the breast of the speaker, so as to get his knee upon him. But he found that impossible. The white man drew him close down upon his body.

"Don't worry," said he. "I'm getting my second wind. I shall be after you in a moment, curse you!"

He now began to put forth all his strength and almost succeeded in dislodging the incubus which hung upon his breast. But the savage, well knowing it would be his death for the white man to gain the upper hand, even for a moment, put forth all his efforts to the work of keeping his position upon his antagonist. In the midst of the struggle the cloth was torn from the young man's shoulder, revealing a broad arrow, pricked into the skin in blue ink. The Indian uttered a cry.

"Stop!" he said. "You have the arrow on your shoulder. No man who wears that mark can be my enemy. Rise; the deer is yours."

He rose as he spoke and the young man followed his example, staggering. The fierce struggle tried his powers severely.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

In answer, the savage knelt at his feet, and taking his hand, laid it on his head.

"Manton is the slave of him who wears the broad arrow. Let him do what he will with the Indian."

"Man, man," said the white hunter, "what is the meaning of this arrow?"

"Do you not know?"

"No; it has never been told me. When I ask my mother, she looks troubled, and will not speak."

"Not time yet," said Manton. "One day you know. One day you sicken of the life you have, and then Manton will come."

"Wait," said the white man. "My name is Arthur Swayne. My father you must know. He is one of the leading men at the village."

The eyes of the Indian began to flash again. "All Shawnees know Swayne. He came to Shawnee village by night, and when he got away, the great chief Kee-na-too lay dead upon the hillside, and Rena, the Snow-Bird, was gone forever. Bad man. All Indians hate him."

"I have heard he has been kind to the Indians, and has tried to have peace."

"Never have peace with Shawnee. They never forget. Their hearts strong. White man, you bear the broad arrow upon your shoulder. If you meet the Shawnee in the woods, show them the mark, and you will go safe. But Shawnees love not Keller, nor Swayne."

"I have no special love for my grandfather, and I do not think he cares much for me. Egbert Swayne is my father. He sent me to Europe to be educated. It was in Germany. Bah! What am I thinking about? You know nothing of this."

"Like to hear you speak," said Manton. "Glad I see arrow. Shawnees never forgive if I kill you. Take care yourself. The deer yours, now."

"I do not understand this change, Manton. Why do you leave me in suspense? What has the broad arrow to do with you, and how has it worked this change?"

"You know, some day. Happy in the village? Use you well, eh?"

"I do not know what to say. Since I have come back to this country I have seen them point at me and whisper, and I heard one lady say to another, 'What a pity!' I do not understand it. My father is very kind, and even his kindness has a touch of pity in it."

The Indian smiled, and laid his hand upon the breast of the speaker in a friendly way. "That good; you not happy. One day you be worse. When that day comes, your Indian friends will greet you in their lodges and be very glad."

"That is beyond my comprehension. A moment ago you were eager for my blood. Now, since you have seen the arrow, you seem to love me. It is strange."

"Because you not know. All in good time; wait. When fruit is ripe, den we pick it; when not ripe, leave it on tree. All good; dis fruit not ripe; leave it awhile."

"Been havin' considerable of a tussle here, strangers," said a voice, suddenly. "'Pears to me that ain't Christian."

Both looked up quickly. A man was but a few feet away looking at them with a smile. He was a strange-looking fellow, whom the white man knew at a glance as a "trumper" from the shores of Massachusetts Bay! He was dressed in a coarse suit of homespun cloth, of extraordinary cut. The coat was long-waisted, and of



namented with two huge buttons behind of polished brass. In color it had once been green, but time, which works great changes, had turned it to a sort of yellow. His small-clothes were of the same cloth, and being very scant as to quantity, fitted tightly to a pair of spindle shanks which seemed in constant danger of breaking beneath the weight of the body. In one hand he held a knife with which he was whittling a piece of pine stick, and contemplating with a look of lively satisfaction the huge silver buckles of his shoes. A horse, kept from straying by a rope fastened to the bit, one end of which rope was tied around this strange fellow's ankle, was feeding quietly. A bundle was strapped upon the back of the animal behind the saddle, which was very large and heavy. The horse was one of those wonderful beasts which seem to cling to life long after the course of nature should have carried them to the grave—a bony, long-limbed animal, as haggard and gaunt a looking creature as one could wish to see. In this he took pattern from his master, who was not afflicted with any superfluous flesh. His long, narrow face had a sanctimonious look which would have become it well if had not been for the cunning which would show itself now and then in the deep-gray eyes.

"How the deuce did you come here?" asked Arthur Swayne. "I did not hear you."

"Mornin', stranger, mornin', mornin'! Glad tew see yow. It's a pesky nice thing tew see a white man's face onc't more. Been hev'in' a right smart serm'nage. Ain't hurt any, ar' ye? 'Cause ef ye ar', I've got the all-firedest, cutest kind of medicine you ever seen. It will cure anything, from a sprain to a gunshot wound."

"That is not answering my question, sir. I am not trifling; who are you?"

"I ain't triflin' nuther. Want an introduction, mabba. I'm agreeable. My name is Jabez Hawk. I'm from the kenery up by Massachusetts Bay—Boston, they call the place. I thought I'd come down an' see what I could do in the way of pickin' up an honest livin' among the Virginians."

"Are you a peddler?"

"Wal, yes, sorter. I've got some things to sell that will astonish you some, I guess. It's the all-firedest, cutest lot of goods you ever see. I ain't ag'in'st a dieker of that sort. But what an all-fired scrape you had got inter, mister. You an' this Injin chap was rollin' round on the grass, diggin' inter one another the best you knew how, when all at once he scooted up an' said he gi'n out. It's rather queer, I guess."

"I do not know that it's any affair of yours," said Swayne, rather angrily.

"So 'tain't; that's true as preachin'. I was ridin' along an' see you quarrelin' about the deer, an' so I thought I'd jest wait an' see it eout. Don't want any 'intment for your bruises, do ye?"

"Intment! What is that?"

"He; a sort of grease, if ye don't understand the English language. What a benighted set of heathen you must be down here! I've been among the Dutch up to York; the darnedest critters! They don't know nothin' about dieker, they don't! I bought that hoss there."

"And a noble animal he is," said the young man, laughing. "I wonder he holds together. His joints must need oiling."

"Don't I ile 'em every day? You ain't no idea what a heap of good it does. I've got an ile for hosses that can't be beat. You think that ain't a good hoss; that's because you choose a hoss by the outside. He's a little bony, I allow; but, put a good saddle on him an' what's the difference if his backbone is a little sharp? Say: don't you want to buy a dog?"

"What kind of a dog?"

"I'll show you. Here, Danger, come here. Don't sneak, now; don't bring discredit on your master, an' sp'ile a trade. Oh git out from behind that rock; I ain't goin' to hurt ye."

Moved by repeated adjurations, an animal emerged from the shadow of a rock beneath which he had been lying, and came toward them. A more woebegone specimen of the dog family never was seen. One of his ears had been bitten half-through in a combat with some other dog, and hung down upon one side, while the other stood erect in contrast to its fellow. His tail had been cut short. His hair had once been long, but some one had sheared him with some dull instrument, and left long, shaggy tufts upon his body in various places. His legs were crooked, and of various lengths.

"Do you want to buy a dog?" repeated Jabez.

"It's a mighty good dog."

"I never saw a worse-looking animal in my life," said Arthur. "No, I do not want any dog of that kind."

"Mister Injun," said Jabez, "good-mornin'. Glad to see ye. Hope yer wife an' little 'uns are well. I'm brisk an' spry myself. Don't put yerself out on my account. I'm rather weakly an' I'd rather sit than stand. Time was when I was the best one of the hull family. Thar wa'n't one, ef I du say it, that could come nigh me. I'm powerful weak, now. I dunno how I lost my strength. But, I kin take up that deer an' throw it over the tree-top. Or, I kin hang it on that branch."

"My brother very strong," said Manton.

"Oh, no. Not strong now. I use to was, though. I tell y'u I've seen the time I would have made y'u tu young men weep tears of blood. Yes I have. It runs in the family. Now, we cum from England, 'riginally. My grandfather he was the powerfulest man y'u ever see. Why, Lord love yer heart alive, he c'u'd du anythin'. 'Twa'n't nothin' fur him to take a barrel of cider up in one hand and drink out of the bung-hole. I've seen him du it, myself."

"That sounds like a greater tale than I am in the habit of believing," said the white man, shrugging his shoulders. "I am pretty strong myself, but I could not lift a barrel of beer or cider in both hands."

"I offer a reward of one hundred pounds to any one that can prove I ever told a lie," said Jabez. "An' I'll give an order on the governor at Plymouth. If he don't pay it, I'll cut my throat. It's sometimes hard to b'lieve all the things our fam'ly have done in England. They ain't been noticed so much sence they come over here. My grandmother is a hundred year old. She's got three hundred children, grandchildren



an' that sort of truck livin' within fifteen miles circuit. She goes out every day arter breakfast, goes round an' sees 'em all, an' comes back in time for dinner. The old lady wouldn't live ef she didn't see them all once a day. She's pretty smart. But then we ar' a smart fam'ly."

"So I should judge. Will you let me put this deer on your horse? I wan't to take it into the village."

"Wal, square, I allus like to oblige. I'll du it—for a consideration."

"How much?"

"Wal, I guess 'bout a crown's worth. It's a pesky heavy deer, you know."

"Very well. Help me to lift him up."

"You'll buy some 'intment? A feller must live, you know. An' how is any one to live if some one don't buy his truck?"

"All right," said Arthur, impatiently. "Don't trouble me now. Help me in with this buck and I will buy all the medicine in your pack."

The "Down-Easter" bustled about, and assisted the young hunter in placing the deer on the back of the beast. Then he whistled for his dog, and they passed on, leaving Manton standing upon the sward, looking after them with a smile.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONIST.

JABEZ found it hard to keep up with the long strides of his new companion. He would not have kept up at all but that he wished to enter the village in the company of some man who was acquainted with the people and would introduce him. The cute Yankee knew that there was nothing like entering a place in the right sort of company. If the truth must be told, the people of Virginia had no great love for the Puritans. Descended from the Cavaliers, no wonder they hated the "crop-ears" who had so debased them. And Jabez was a good type of his race. Virginia, at this time, was in a tumult over privileges withheld from them by the mother country, but which had been granted to other colonies; and the profligate prince who occupied the British throne was giving grants to his favorites, which included the property of men who had carved out fortunes for themselves in the wilderness, holding the ax in one hand, while the other was ready to seize the rifle.

Berkeley's commission as governor of the province having expired by its own limitation, the aristocratic Legislature had already voted him an increase of salary and desired to keep him in power for life, hoping by the act to make their own tenure of office longer. But, the envoys of Virginia were asked to obtain from the king the immunities of a corporation. For a corporation could resist encroachments according to the forms of civil law, and purchase of the grantees their right to the country. The agents, who were resolute men, did more than they were asked, and claimed with earnestness and force their right to be exempt from arbitrary taxation. They spoke, with favor, of Coventry, who was highly extolled. The agents were kept for a year, and finally failed.

The people of Virginia were not the men to submit tamely to oppression. Most of the rank

and file of the population had been born on the soil. The silk hose and doublet had given place to the buckskin hunting-shirt and leggins. Only a few of the richer planters retained their former habits, and were, for the most part, old men, who had come from the mother country with lordly ideas. It was against such persons the ire of the people was most excited.

As the lean horse, laden with the deer, came down the street toward the village, it was plain that the townspeople were in a high excitement. Horsemen were galloping from all points of the compass. Some of these nodded to Arthur and passed on.

"What's the row?" said Jabez. "Seems to me he is rather excited."

"They are in trouble over some of Berkeley's work. The old fool will make rebellion yet."

"What's the muss?"

"The northern Indians are getting troublesome and we are afraid our own Indians will join them. For my part, I don't care much which gains the day. But if Nat Bacon does as he thinks of doing, I will go against him as hard as I can."

"Who is Nat Bacon?"

"He is a planter on the James above the village. He is a London man and was educated for the law. He prides himself on his person and talents, and is aided and abetted by his friend Samuel Lawton. I don't care so much that Bacon should succeed. He is talented, no doubt, and has obtained a seat in the council. Then he is a good soldier."

"I think I've heard of him. He is an Indian-fighter, ain't he?"

"Yes; and he wants to go at it again. But, old Berkeley knows better than to let him raise men. If he did that, how does the governor know but he will use these men against him?"

"He might, you know," said Jabez, with an expressive grin.

"Yes, and probably would. The common people are angry at the leading men, who by grants and position, claim privileges higher than theirs. They need some such hot-head as Nat Bacon to lead them on. He had better be careful, or he will get his neck in a noose."

"Does he care for that?"

"I don't believe he does. I have heard him prate about the liberties of the people, and equal rights to all, until my head was nearly turned by his nonsense. He is handsome, has a charming way of speaking; and the young men follow him wherever he leads."

"Seems natural. Now do you know that such a man as that is jist the kind we like up in Massachusetts? He'd get raised sure. Guv'nor Berkeley is a hard man."

"He has been used to ruling, and opposition makes him wild."

"We bern tell up in Massachusetts that you had sent commissioners to the old country."

"So they have. Our family were in it, much against my will. They would have named my grandfather one of the commissioners, but that he has his duties to attend to here which will not permit him to leave."

"What does that mean? Surely those men ain't drawin' their cheese-knives to fight? Look at 'em."



The quick eyes of the young man darted down the street, and saw a crowd gathered in front of the tavern, listening to a speaker, who had mounted a pair of light steps, and was haranguing them at the top of his voice. Cries of mingled approbation and dissatisfaction could be heard. "Down with him!" "Hurrah for liberty!" "Freedom forever!" "No taxation!" "The king and the governor!" were the cries which they heard; and some hot-headed fellows were drawing their swords.

"Hurry," said young Swayne. "Don't you see there will be a fight? We may as well be in it!"

"Thank you," said Jabez; "I don't keer to fight. It ain't because I'm afraid; oh no! I'm nat'rally the most courageous man you ever seen. But, I'm apt to mow sech an eternal swath in a party of men that they don't like it. You would not like me to go in an' kill off that lot of nice chaps, would you?"

"I don't think they fear you, my man. Push on," said Swayne, impatiently.

They reached the crowd, which was swaying to and fro, and listening to the speech of the orator. He was a handsome young fellow, in the dress of the better class of planters, of a powerful frame and commanding presence. His hand was outstretched in a persuasive manner to demand silence, which was soon obtained.

"People of Virginia," he cried, "I claim your attention. I am but a young man, and there are many here to whom I would give place in a moment, if I thought they desired to speak. I would place before you, in as few words as possible, the danger under which you lie, and which I have explained to the council. We are in danger through an indiscretion on the part of a worthy Virginian, John Washington, a planter on the northern neck. I do not believe that this good man foresaw the evil which would come, or he would have held his hand. The Susquehannas, driven south by the Senecas, had come down upon Maryland. John Washington and some others went to their aid. In some way, how I cannot tell, some chiefs, who, it is said, were coming to make a treaty, were set upon by our men and killed. It was at a fort upon the north bank of the Potomac, that this was done. It is enough that the evil is accomplished and a great work is before us. The peace which has lasted for nearly thirty years is broken, for our Indians are tainted."

"That is Bacon," whispered the young hunter. "The man you see standing by him is his friend Lawton. A black curse upon him! I'll be his death yet."

"Why do you hate him?"

"Ask me not," said Arthur. "It is enough for me that I hate him bitterly. But, listen. I want to hear this Bacon."

"I asked the council to give me leave to march against the Indians," said the orator. "I told them that there were young men enough in this good province who would right willingly do their part in the burden and heat of the day. I believe on my soul that the council would have listened to me and granted my prayer, but that Berkeley would not allow it. I do not know in what I have erred that I have offended his Excellency, the governor. But he will not trust

me. Truly, I should not have moved in the matter, nor have asked the command, if it had not been forced upon me by the young men who are to form my army. But Berkeley will not have it.

"I ask you now, what does this mean? Already the depredations upon our northern and western frontiers have begun. Those of our people who live on these frontiers dare not go out of their houses, unless heavily armed. The Indians, in small parties, but who can band together upon a given signal, are lurking through the length and breadth of the land. The men who have been allowed to trade with the Indians are giving them arms and ammunition. Let it be proved against one of these fellows that he hath been guilty of this crime, and there is no gallows high enough upon which to hang him. Now I ask, who is the man who upholds this traffic? I answer by making a statement. The governor enjoys a commission upon all sales to the Indians, and he has the sole right of granting licenses to traders. Then who is to blame if these low fellows, to make their profit greater, put into the hands of savage men the means whereby they may take our lives?"

A murmur of execration ran through the crowd.

"Down with Berkeley!" shouted one tall woodman in a hunting-shirt and leggings. "Hurrah for a free title to fight if we choose!"

"No more of that, Ingram," said Bacon. "I do not speak this to rouse you to anger against the governor, but to show you in what your danger lies. It is in the indiscriminate grant to unworthy men of the right to trade with the Indians. Those to whom this important right is given should be men of truth, men who will not barter their sense of right and wrong for a little filthy money. What are we to do? Sir Henry Chicheley started with an expedition against the Indians. He had barely crossed the James when they recalled him. Does it do us any good that the Assembly, when they meet, take into sad and grievous consideration the sundry murders, surprises and many depredations committed, and declare war against all Indians who are notoriously known or shall be discovered to have committed the murders, surprises or depredations, their fautors, aiders or abettors; and against other suspected Indians who refuse to deliver sufficient hostages?"

"But they have ordered an army to be raised, Master Bacon," said a voice.

"They have not yet done so, sir. I hope by my influence and that of my family, to force them to raise a standing army of five hundred men and place them at the heads of the rivers and other points fronting on the enemy. For their better security, the horsemen of this army shall range constantly from post to post, and meet each other often."

"That would be well," said the last speaker.

"Nay, it is not well," cried a harsh voice. "Down from that place, Nathaniel Bacon, you that stir up sedition in this good colony. Down, I say, or I will call upon soldiers to drag you away."

All turned in surprise. An old man on horseback had ridden up behind the crowd, and had



been for some moments listening to the words of Bacon. It was Sir William Berkeley, a man who had rendered himself obnoxious to the Virginians by his acts. Like Bacon, he had been educated highly, and had traveled in many lands. At first, when he was appointed governor, he showed great talent and shrewdness. But his record was afterward dimmed by his obsequious deference to royalty; and he had become irritable and revengeful as his age increased. During the protectorate, Samuel Matthews was Governor of Virginia; but when he went down, Berkeley was *elected* by the people. He possessed liberal and enlightened views, but all were subservient to his love for the ruling house in Great Britain.

This was the man who glared at Nathaniel Bacon over the heads of the crowd. The face of Berkeley was full of rage, and the crowd, who had learned to respect the old governor for the bravery with which he had once upheld their rights, began to think that, after all, Bacon might be in the wrong.

"What nest of traitors have they hatched in London, and sent over here to annoy us?" said the governor. "Once for all, Nathaniel Bacon, come down from that place and cease to speak against my place and office."

"Sir," said Bacon, boldly, "it is not against your place that my speech is directed. I have no fault to find with that. The office is a grand one, and with a good man in it, we might do well enough. But, you are one of those who for years have hung on to the skirts of the Stuarts, and can not see that you are doing this country a wrong. Sir, Virginia has the power to become one day greater than England, and I warn you, sir, that the people will not long bear the oppressive burdens which you have laid upon them by your acts. No, they have a power in themselves which will one day awaken, and assert itself."

"And Nathaniel Bacon shall not rise alone to speak for the people of Virginia," said the young man who stood by his side. "I say that we have borne more than in justice we ought to bear. The people of this colony demand that they shall not be refused rights which are granted to other colonies."

"I know you, Samuel Lawton. You are the real head of this movement. I will make you suffer for this," cried Berkeley.

"Not more than you have made our good people suffer," said the other, sternly. "I tell you, old man, that neither your age nor your office will protect you from the just wrath of the people of Virginia, if you persist in your course of folly and pride. We know what we ask, and we know whereof we speak. Nathaniel Bacon knows the wants of the people, and he has not moved until two men have been killed upon his own plantation. And now, since you think proper to threaten, we make a demand, and by the thunders of heaven, you shall grant it."

"Now if that young man don't talk the most owdashus treason I ever hern tell of, I hope I may never see Bostin Harbor ag'in," said the Yankee, with a glance of indescribable slyness at Sir William. "He speaks right up and down, don't he boss?"

"Hush," said Arthur. "Who told you to

speak? By heaven, I will have one fling at them, if I die for it."

He sprung upon a horse-block, and shouted to the speaker across the heads of the crowd. "Now, who are these," he cried, "who thus insult the good King Charles in the person of his minister? Are we of Virginia sunk so low, after sending our beggarly envoys to London, that we will not do honor to the representative of the king? And who are those who would lead this movement? Neither of them were born upon the soil of Virginia."

"You were," said Lawton, with a laugh. "Do you know *where*?"

"What do you mean by that taunt? I was born in Jamestown."

Some of the old men in the party shook their heads and began to move away. It was evident that Arthur Swayne was not liked in the village, for, while all had listened patiently to the others, there was a general movement of restlessness in the crowd, and low murmurs ran through it. "Get down, *you*," cried a sturdy blacksmith. "We will not take our orders from the likes of you. Leave the way for your betters."

"Hush, Cluny," said Bacon. "Do not forget who his father is. Egbert Swayne is a gallant man."

"His father! But, I forgot. You are right, Bacon. It would hurt the father as much as the son if I were to speak."

"I was wrong," said Lawton. "Go on, Master Swayne. This is a free discussion. We should be pleased to hear what you have to say."

"I will discuss it with you with sword and dagger when and where you like, Samuel Lawton. I do not understand your sneer against me. If I have any wrong attached to me, it is not my fault. But this is not what I mean to say. I am here to speak a good word for Sir William Berkeley, governor of this colony. I call on all good men and true to put down yonder young traitors, who dare to clamor for redress of fancied wrong. Away with them to prison! Let them suffer there for the affront they would put upon us, who are loyal subjects of the king."

"Let me see a man lay a hand upon any here if he dares," said Bacon. "He shall find to his cost that we are not to be frightened out of our rights. We claim them; we will have them. Our borders are in danger, our men are slain, and nothing is done for their relief. This shall not go on. I swear to this."

"It shall go on," said Arthur. "You and such men as you shall have good cause to feel that we of the king's party are strong in this colony. Rally about us, you that favor King Charles, and we will dispute this matter at the sword's point."

The appeal was a strong one to many in the crowd. The king's name was a tower of strength in their eyes, and nearly half the crowd separated and joined the speaker. Both sides drew their swords, and it only needed a spark to fire the train already laid. Sir William was looking on in high glee, and whispered to Arthur to stave off the combat until he had sent a message for more troops. Arthur glanced over the ranks of his supporters, and saw that they



were not the better portion of the colonists, but turbulent spirits who were always in trouble.

"Perhaps it would be better, Sir William. I will keep them in play. Who will you send?"

"I have already spoken to my servant. He is going now."

"What's the nigger goin' for?" shouted the Yankee. "We want him here."

"Say you so?" said Bacon. "Neptune, my good fellow, do you want to live?"

"Ess, massa. Want to lib jass so long as de good Lord let me."

"Then don't go away. I've got my eye on you, and just so sure as you offer to stir I will shoot you through the head. Now, look out."

"But Mass' Berkeley tell me to go bring sojers," whined Neptune.

"Did he? Then don't go. It won't be healthy for you."

"You born idiot," hissed Arthur, looking at Jabez, "what did you yell out in that way for? It may make trouble."

"The nigger was sech a big feller, I thought you would need him to fight."

"You have spoiled our plans, curse your stupid head! No matter; we will fight them as we are. Now, then, traitors, I ask you to break up. If you refuse, we will assault you."

"Assault us, if you will," cried Bacon.

"All on the part of our good king, and the worthy Governor Berkeley, draw your swords with me," said Arthur, whose eyes were now flaming with the ardor of battle. "Close up, shoulder to shoulder, and let us teach them what men can dare who fight for God, King, and the Commonwealth."

"Don't try the toad-stickers yet," said the Yankee. "Be kind o' keerful. Or, if you will go at it, I've got an 'intment that beats the world on a sword-cut. I've seen a man cut into pieces no bigger than my finger. I took out a box of my 'intment and applied it to his shattered frame. The first drop collected the fragments in one solid mass. At the next, they sought their proper places, an' when he felt the third he jumped up an' wanted to know who hit him. Now, that's what I call good 'intment."

"Is this a time and place for your incomprehensible lies, you scoundrel?" cried Arthur. "Stand aside, fool. Now for you, Nat Bacon; and for you, Samuel Lawton. Down with your swords, and submit to the sentence of the court of justice for stirring up insurrection within the borders of Virginia."

"Who says we stir up insurrection?" said Lawton, advancing a step.

"I say it," replied Arthur.

"Then I tell you that he who says I am false to Virginia, lies in his throat. And I will maintain what I say when or where you please, with any weapon you can name. Men like you are not the ones to decide as to the merits of a family who are older than the oldest of the race from which you derive half your blood."

"And the other? Is not the Swayne and Keller blood as good as any in this colony?"

"No better. But I am forgetting myself. Don't let us stray into genealogy. I believe that you don't know what I mean, and I shall

not enlighten you. Why do you join yourself with these wild fanatics who make the king equal with God? Why not go with the people? We do not ask much. Our chief desire is to have Nathaniel Bacon lead us against the Indians."

"Why should he lead you? Nay, let us have no further parley. Set on, boys, and let us try whether or no we have lost our ancient skill with the sword."

The sharp rattle of steel sounded all along the front as the long blades crossed. Samuel Lawton singled out Arthur and attacked him with a vigor which astonished him. They had never met with swords before, and Arthur, who had learned to fence among the best players in London, expected to disarm his adversary in a moment. But, to his surprise he found him a complete master of the weapon, and it took all his force and cunning to keep the sharp point off his body.

Berkeley took no part in the combat, but drew his horse out of the press. Bacon, while defending himself from the assault of two of the governor's party, shouted to him to call off his men, before harm came to them. The Yankee drew up his lank beast by the side of the governor, and perching himself on the top of his pack, looked on with unalloyed satisfaction.

"Now that's what I call pooty gay," he said. "Cute enough, I reckon. Only I feel a good deal safer up here than I would down there where the blades are goin'. If that chap with the toad-sticker don't look out, my boy will stick a pin in him. But he seems a handy youth. What would old Miles Standish have done if his men acted this way? He'd 'a' had 'em shot, every man. Um! It's a queer world."

Governor Berkeley eyed the fray for a few moments, until he became satisfied that his men were likely to get the worst of it. Arthur was slightly wounded in the sword-arm, and Bacon had run one of his assailants through the shoulder. The disaffected men had taken care that the attack should come from the governor's party, so that they could claim to have acted only in self-defense.

"Hold!" shouted the governor. "Madmen that ye are, will you make this good town the seat of a rebellious broil?"

"Then call off your hounds," said Bacon. "They assailed us first."

"Ay, ay. He is a lawyer and is sure to have the law on his side," muttered Berkeley. "You of my party, put up your swords. You of the other faction, if you have the regard which you claim for this good colony, sheathe your blades."

Both parties obeyed at once.

"Now then, Nathaniel Bacon," said Berkeley, "what is it you demand?"

"I only ask to be allowed to levy a force of volunteers and march against the Indians who are committing many depredations in the upper counties."

"It is impossible," said Berkeley. "The council have already taken measures to protect the frontiers."

"And how well their measures have succeeded," said Bacon, "is attested by the fact that two men were killed yesterday upon my



plantation. These half-way measures will not do. Let me raise five hundred troops and march against them. Grant me this request, and you shall not find in Virginia a man more willing to obey the laws than I."

"Did you not threaten that if you heard of any depredations on the frontier, you would march against the Indians?"

"Yes. And so I will."

"What? Without any authority?"

"With or without it."

"Then you set me at defiance, and I will this day issue a proclamation depriving you of a seat in the council. And if you dare to march as you have said, I will proclaim you a rebel and treat you as such."

"Then do your worst. Come, Lawton. We have work to do."

"And Lawton had better have cut off his right hand than join himself to your unworthy schemes. I know you, young sir. You go about among the people of this good town inciting them to resist lawful authority. The peril be on your own head if you do it more."

"I only seek the safety of Virginia," said Lawton. "Neither would I resist authority if I did not hope by doing so to gain something for the people. You alone are the cause of their broils. You refuse to trust the people. You will neither protect them, nor suffer them to protect themselves. This will not do."

"To horse!" cried Bacon. "We will see whether we have the right to protect ourselves. Samuel, this way!"

Berkeley retired quickly in the direction of the council-chamber, where the Assembly were about to sit. Bacon, after a short conference with his friend, mounted and proceeded up the river, accompanied by some sixty men on horseback. Lawton, after parting with his leader, remained standing in the street, moody and sad, thinking over the prospect. Arthur had gone home, accompanied by the Yankee. A man with gray hair touched Lawton on the shoulder.

"Ha! Drummond—you here?"

"I have just now come in. What is the tumult?"

"Some trouble we have had with Berkeley and his men. He refused to let Nathaniel Bacon lead us against the Indians."

"The result?"

"We are going without leave."

"Where is Bacon now?"

"Gone on. He is not likely to remain long when he has once made up his mind. Sixty men rode with him along the James. It will go hard but they will make the Indians repent their late outrages."

"And why are you here?"

"To create a little diversion in case our good governor, made angry by resistance to his authority, should make up his mind to follow in the footsteps of Bacon. You understand?"

"I think I do. Yes, it can be done. I am with you, heart and soul. When men are laboring for liberties which are theirs by right, he is not half a man who refuses to raise an arm in their aid. Governor Berkeley will go too far, I can tell him."

"You may believe it, Did you see that

strange fellow who came in with Arthur Swayne?"

"I have seen no one but you. The crowd broke up before I got here. I have been in the county of Henrico, upon the business that you wot of. Events will soon be ripe for action. We have a good leader, and I hope for success."

"It is sure."

"You are young and confident. Many a just cause fails. Yet there is every reasonable hope for success in this. If Bacon comes back soon, he must submit to the judgment of the council. It is not yet time to break out."

"Do not let us talk of this here. I see that old soldier yonder eying us. Let us go to your house. We can talk there."

"And you have a good reason for caring to go there. As you will, my boy. Let us go."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

THEY built strong houses in the olden time, and that into which Walter Drummond introduced his young companion was one of the best of its kind. It was one of the low, firm structures then in vogue, with many gables and porticoes, and wide, hospitable doors. As Drummond laid his hand upon the latch it was opened from within, and a beautiful girl came out and kissed him.

"Father, I am so glad you have come," she said—"so very glad. You do not know what a day this has been in Jamestown—a day of brawling and contention. Swords have been drawn and blood shed. You were in it, Master Samuel Lawton. I saw you with a drawn sword in your hand."

The young man bowed low over the little hand she put out in a gesture of anger at his conduct, and pressed his lips to it. While he is performing this little act of gallantry, let us take a look at the maiden. A slight girl, with a profusion of brown hair shading a lovely face, a little browned by exposure to the sun and wind of that pleasant climate, yet very beautiful. No wonder that the youth of Jamestown were wild in their praises of Walter Drummond's beautiful child. Foremost among her suitors she numbered Arthur Swayne and Samuel Lawton, and it was a problem, with many, who would win the prize.

"I beg your pardon, Edith," said the young man. "If you saw me in a warlike attitude, I could hardly have done otherwise. If you had been with me you would have asked me to do as I did, and called me a coward if I refused."

"I know nothing of your quarrels," she said. "How should I?"

"This is no quarrel of mine; it is the quarrel of the whole colony. We demand our rights, and as the Lord liveth, we will have them. Shall the people of the northern colonies, hard-hearted Puritans as they are, have *their* rights, nay, enforce them, and we of the South, descended of the Cavaliers, do nothing for ourselves?"

"Father," said Edith, "these are your arguments; beware that you do not lead young men astray."

"They chose their own course," said Drummond, "although I am with them in this. Let



others do as they may, I will struggle to do right by the colony, in preference to any kingdom on the face of the earth."

"It may lead to bloodshed."

"I hope not," said her father. "But, what is this to thee, child? Let men do their work, and do thou attend to the household. Be sure of this: Walter Drummond will never wrong his child."

"You say I have no interest in this matter, my father. You are in the wrong. If you are treading the right path, then I, though a woman, will do my share. If you are wrong, as you may be, then you are leading your friends astray. Therefore, reason with me, and let me see in what the colonies are wronged."

"Let me do that," said Samuel. "My word for it, I will convince her."

"Nay, you do not argue fairly," said Edith. "You are not a fair wrangler. My father gives me the odds. You talk of glory, and the duty of men and women of this land, until I forget my loyalty in the desire to do justice to Virginia. It is a glorious colony. Father, can any one say what our future may or may not be? What a grand prospect lies before us everywhere! I think I see Virginia rising above the other colonies, and becoming, in time, the pride of this Western World."

"It may be so, my daughter," said Drummond. "God grant it. But, it can never be while we suffer ourselves to be trodden under foot by men like this William Berkeley. Come in, come in, Samuel; we will talk of this matter within."

They entered an apartment furnished in the simple and primitive manner of the day, and all sat down together. Edith took the side of the king, but it was plain that her faith was not strong, for, upon Samuel Lawton's making a sudden *coup* by going over to the enemy, she began to take up the cudgels for the cause he had abandoned so suddenly, and defended it better than he had done. Seeing a smile on his face, she stopped in the midst of an argument and began to pout.

"You have done this purposely, sir. I told you that you would not argue fairly. Now, do I not know that you are no friend of the governor? Yet when you went over to his side I supposed myself to be deceived, and took up against him—just what you wanted."

"Precisely," said Samuel. "What? Must you leave us, sir?"

Mr. Drummond had risen to go out of the room.

"I find I have some letters to write, and the ship sails for Boston in an hour. You will excuse me until I have written these letters. Edith will entertain you, I trust."

They were alone together, and seated near the window, looking out upon the pleasant village. The silent hour, the beauty of the scene, all were lost upon Samuel Lawton, for he was looking at the sweet face so near his.

"What are you thinking of Edith?" he said, softly.

"I was wondering how men could shed each other's blood, as they so often do," she answered. "You who are so gentle now, seem like a tiger when your fighting mood has taken possession

of you. I saw your face to-day from the window, as you stood by Nathaniel Bacon's side. You were wild for the strife to begin. How can you suffer your passions to get the better of you in that way?"

"I don't know," said he, rather sheepishly; "it's the fighting blood, I suppose. Man has a great deal of the tiger in him, after all."

"So he has," she said; "and there are times when he shows it. But, why did you single out Arthur Swayne?"

"I don't know. Oh Edith, do you care for him?"

"Care for him? Certainly I do. He is my friend; his mother is a darling; I love her dearly. And Mr. Swayne can do what you can not—control his passions. As for Arthur, you can not deny that he is very entertaining."

"I suppose he is," said Samuel, with a sort of groan. "He ought to be; he has had a college education. But, for all that, he can never get rid of— But I forgot."

"What were you about to say?"

"No matter; it is something which it is better not to speak of. Only, you must be careful; you must not encourage Arthur. If you do, and then rouse the blood which is in him by refusing him, you would find another man with a touch of a tiger in him."

"He never gave me the opportunity you refer to. If he had, do you see any good reason why I ought to refuse him?"

This was a hazardous question, and if the lady had thought a moment she would not have asked it. It was no sooner done than he was down upon his knees before her, begging earnestly for her love. I think the time and hour, aided by feeling his gallantry awakened in her breast before, aided him in his work; for he rose the accepted lover of the lady, and had earned the right to sit with his arm about her waist, a privilege of which he at once took advantage. We will not pry into their talk for an hour after. At last they came down to commonplace things and people.

"I was in earnest when I said that you must be careful of Arthur," he said. "You do not know him as well as I do."

"He does not care for me," said Edith.

"For shame. What lady does not know when a man loves her? You have seen too much of Arthur Swayne not to know this."

"Well, perhaps he does care for me a little—enough to take an oath by."

"That does not matter so that you do not care for him," said Samuel. "You are sure of that?"

"Quite," she said, in an indifferent tone. "Did you not hear a step?"

"No. It is the wind which stirs the vine at the window."

He was wrong. It was not the wind, but a man crouching in the shelter of the vine, and listening to every word they said.

"I do not mind telling you, Sam," she said, "now that you have told me what you think about me—and very long you were doing it—that I am afraid of Arthur Swayne. We all know that there is a blot in his blood. He does not know it. His mother has kept it from him sedulously, and he was sent to England while



quite young. Since that time he has been in school and college, and all memory of his early life has been effaced. Do not speak of it again. And never taunt him with it. He would look upon it as the most terrible disgrace, for he is proud of the Swayne and Keller race."

The hidden figure rose slowly, as if fearing that some words would escape him, and drew nearer to the window. It was getting dusk and he had less fear of detection.

"His mother's chief fear is that he will, in some way, find out the secret of his birth and that it will drive him wild. You know what his blood is. Yet I have heard my dear friend, old Mr. Kelly, say that Arthur's father was a noble man."

"It may be so. I was very near taunting him with it this day, when Nathaniel stopped me. He caught but half my meaning. I pity the man whose fate it shall be to break the truth to him. I think he would take his life. But, if you do not care for him, I will not do it. Let him go his way. Only I know that his nature is bad, and that he will one day break out. Those who knew his uncle, Braxton Keller, say that no two men were more alike than Arthur and he. And Braxton Keller was banished from Jamestown, for a sedition."

"And yet you are ready to be engaged in the like, Sam. I beg you to pause before you take that step."

"I will be careful. Say no more of that now. I wonder if Arthur will propose to you?"

"I don't think he will. I do not propose to give him the opportunity if I can help it."

"He will make an opportunity. But I have forestalled him, and am content. Let him do as he will."

"Why are you angry with him?"

"I am not angry, that I know."

"I think you are. Remember that he has been very kind to me and that he is my friend. Be very careful how you treat him, at least for his mother's sake."

"She is a noble woman," said Samuel. "Yes, I will try to make her son my friend, though I know he hates me. You know why. Ah, here is your father."

"What is the meaning of this?" said Drummond, in mock anger. "Explain."

"It is simply this," said the other. "I have been asking your daughter to share my home some day, and she has said yes, provided we get your consent."

"Then you have that already," said the old man. "Give me your hand on it. If I had a son-in-law to choose, you would have been the man. My mind is at ease. Treat her tenderly, Samuel. Her mother is in her grave, and left me only this dear child to keep her memory fresh. What a blessing she has been to me, a father alone can tell."

"Say!" drawled a voice at this moment. "You've left the front door open. Thort I'd jest walk in. Anything in my line tu-day."

They turned at the sound, and saw the imperturbable face and lank figure of Jabez, with his pack upon his back.

"Thort I'd come in. Sarvice tu y'u, sir. Master of this house, I judge. I'm a peddler.

That is tu say, I've got a leetle of everything under the eternal sun. Hev you got the *itch*, young man?"

"Eh?" thundered Sam, in high rage. "What do you mean?"

"I don't see what y'u want to r'ile up so fur. Y'u *might* have it, y'u know. Glad y'u ain't. I've had bedbugs 'round me, an' I've had the *itch*. But I don't want either of 'em ag'in. They're about on an ekality. Nobody got the *itch*? Has the young lady—"

"Sir?" cried Sam.

"How y'u du r'ile up! I wasn't goin' to say nothin', was I? I wanted tu ask if the young lady wanted anything in my line. Pins, needles, an' laces of all kinds. An' as fur as cheapness goes, why, I jest *give* 'em away. Now, look at that medicine. Clear as a bell, ain't it? Now I'll bet a penny none of y'u know what that's for!"

"That's poison," said Sam.

"No 'tain't; it's a cure for the glanders. Ain't none of y'u got the—no, of course you ain't. But, if y'u hev got a hoss that has any thing the matter with him under the canopy, if that don't cure him, take him out an' bury him; that's all I've got to say. Now, I've tramped all the way from Bostin down here, a purpose tu sell y'u some things that's good for the body. I don't ask nothin' fur my pains; not a penny. Only I'd like to git the cost of the stuff back, 'cause I've got a fam'ly."

"Yes," said Drummond. "I have seen Yankees before. However, open your pack and let me see what you have here. There are many little things we need."

"Jest so. I thou'ht you'd say that," said Jabez, and he put his pack upon the floor. The medicine which he had showed them he had taken from the pocket of his capacious coat. Within the stout canvas covering of the pack he revealed a pair of heavy boxes, locked strongly.

"Ladies fu'st," he said. "Then men. That's the fair thing."

He opened one of the boxes, and revealed a quantity of articles of ladies' use; pins, needles and laces; ribbons of all kinds; some dress goods of various patterns, and what peddlers call "notions."

"Now, see here, miss," he said. "I never dicker with anybody where I see they mean to buy. Deed I don't no' how I'm goin' to git round ther's so many wants things out of one little pack. A man can't have things for everybody. Pins? Here they be. The best London make. Take a paper? Take two? Yes. I'll lay 'em out, though I don't see how I'm going to spare 'em. I must scrimp some one. What did you say, square? How much ar' they? Only ten shillings. It's giving 'em away. I know, but what can a man du? Y'u ar' lookin' at that work-box, miss. Take it out; no trouble tu show goods. See. Nice little drawers for thread, thimble, needles. Big drawer for work. Handy as a clock. How much is it worth? Fifteen pounds. Too much? If y'u ain't about the hardest young lady tu deal with I ever see, then I don't want to handle another penny. Take it along for twelve pound. I did mean tu make a little su'thin' on that piece of work, but y'u won't let me. It cost thirteen pound, and



it's worth thirty to any lady. Now, young man, spunk up. Don't be so backward. Buy it for the young lady. Don't y'u see she wants it? Y'u can have it fur ten pound, sevin' it's y'u."

"If you will accept this little present from me, my dear Edith—" began Sam.

"Accept it! Of course she will. Y'u don't think her a nat'ral fool, du y'u? No y'u don't. She'll take it. I'll put it out on that table. Of course y'u will all buy somethin' of me, and I'll put 'em by themselves. Talking of that, look at this dress pattern, miss. *That's* silk. I don't like tu tell y'u what it cost, fur fear y'u won't believe me. But it's the nicest piece of goods in Virginny, if I du say it. Now I'm goin' tu throw that dress away on some one. It ain't right. It ain't doin' justice to my fam'ly. But I'll du it all the same. Psho now, y'u! Don't be 'peek-in' inter the winder. That ain't fair. If y'u want tu come in an' buy any thing, come along."

The last exclamation was accompanied by a cunning twinkle of the eyes, which was wonderful to see. The exclamation drew the attention of every one of the party to the open window, where the face of Arthur Swayne was visible, peeping in at them. He broke into a forced laugh as he saw that he was caught, but accompanied by a look at the Yankee which certainly boded him no good.

"Oh, git eout," said Jabez. "No dodging. I know what you want. You want to buy some of my stickin'-plaster. It was made of a substance that is lost forever. Nobody will ever see any of it again. It will draw awful. Beats all creation how it will draw. 'Tain't no more than fair play tu say I think it drewed y'u tu that winder. I never seen i s effects so well illustrated afore. It kep' drawin' y'u up, higher an' higher, till yure head was above the winder-sill. Ef y'u stay thar much longer it will draw y'u intu the room. Fact."

"Let it do so, Arthur," said Mr. Drummond, hospitably. "I should be glad if you would come in."

He accepted the invitation, and entered, lowering at Sam, and apparently at a loss what to say.

"Talkin' of my plaster," said the Yankee, "I'll tell y'u suthin' it did onc't upon a time."

"Will you keep silent long enough to allow my daughter to make her selections?" said Drummond. "It is impossible to deal with you at the rate your tongue is going."

"That's queer," said Jabez. "I allus thert a man could trade better ef he talked a little. But I'm agreeable. Thar's my pack—suit yourself. Thar's one thing I would like tu sell y'u. I'll show it tu y'u by and by."

Edith made her purchases and laid them aside. The gentlemen also invested something in articles they needed, and which could not be readily obtained. The Yankee looked on with a pleased smile at the rapidly diminishing stock of goods. Perhaps he did not mean it, but he said a thing which sent the blood in a vivid flush into the face of his companion of the morning.

"Say, mister," he said, speaking to Samuel Lawton. "Y'u take the work-box for the young lady?"

"Yes, That is understood. Is it not, Edith?"

"Certainly," said Edith. "It is beautiful. But it costs too much."

"The price is nothing. If our worthy masters across the water did not tax us quite so high we should be able to make the purchases we desire. There is your money," said Sam.

The peddler took it and began to count it. As he did so, he turned his face away from the rest of the party, and faced Drummond. Something in his manner attracted the attention of the old man. A single gesture passed between them, and Mr. Drummond said: "Come with me, Sir Peddler. I wish to send a message by you to a friend in Boston on your return."

## CHAPTER V.

### TROUBLE IN JAMESTOWN.

THE two left the room together, leaving the young people alone. It was rather an awkward position for Edith. She knew that both these men loved her, and had her reasons for believing that Arthur had seen enough to tell him that something more than common had passed between her and Samuel. An embarrassed silence was broken by a harsh laugh from Arthur.

"A Quaker meeting," he said. "I seem to have spoiled your powers of conversation, Edith. You were talking glibly enough when I came up."

"Perhaps I was," said Edith. "By the way, you were in this quarrel on the green to-day. What do you mean by such conduct? Is the quiet of our village to be disturbed by brawling, at a moment like this, when we are menaced by a savage foe, and the Northern settlements are in danger? I am ashamed of you, Arthur."

"Then why does Nat Bacon and Sam Lawton oppose the just authority of our governor?"

"Do not speak of this question now, Master Swayne. It may lead to hard words," said Sam, looking up.

"No matter. You, and the pack of you, shall know that the authority of Sir William Berkeley must be respected," replied Arthur.

"Let respect for the people begin with him. We do not fear him. Ha! Was not that a drum?"

"Curse that drummer!" muttered Arthur. "What does the fool mean?"

"I will know what this amounts to!" cried Lawton, fiercely. "Does William Berkeley intend to interfere with Bacon? Let him look to himself. Any attempt of that kind would recoil on his head."

"Would you rebel?"

"I do not say what I *would* do. Drums are not beaten in the evening in Jamestown without a cause. There are many of the paid troops in the street. I will go out and see what it bodes. As for you, I will make you repent it if you are at the bottom of this."

"Will you?" sneered Arthur.

"Yes!" replied Lawton, fiercely, laying his hand upon his sword. "I will take a proper time to do it. Do not force me to quarrel in the presence of this lady whom I love. Good-evening, Edith. If nothing happens, I will be with you soon."

He dashed out into the street, leaving them



together. The white heat his passion had brought into the face of Arthur Swayne disappeared with his rival, and he turned to Edith.

"I am glad he is gone," he said. "I was afraid the fellow would drive me to strike him. Why does he come here?"

"Sir?"

"Why do you speak in that way?"

"Are you aware that Samuel Lawton is my father's trusted friend? For shame, Arthur! Do not speak in that sneering way of one you know to be a good and true man."

"I do not know him to be good and true. Say no more of him. Speak rather of yourself. I have long wanted an opportunity to speak to you on a subject very near my heart."

"Stop!" she said; "do not go on. I understand you, and say, once for all, it cannot be. Oh, Arthur, why can we not go on as friends? Why should you begin this, which will be a persecution?"

"Persecution? I do not understand you. I was about to ask you to be my wife."

"I feared it. I am sorry if you have set your heart upon me, for it cannot be."

"Why?"

"Because my heart is engaged already. I have given my heart and hand to Samuel Lawton."

"I suspected this," he said—"nay, I knew it. A black curse fall on him! What does he mean by robbing me of my heart's treasure? I love you better than he ever can, and I will not lose you; I cannot; you have not the heart to refuse me; you do not know what you may drive me to do."

"I cannot help it. Do not be violent. I am sorry for you."

"And this is his first pledge of affection!" he cried, snatching up the work-box, and dashing it upon the floor, trampling upon it in his insane fury. "This, this, this! If I had his head under my heel, as I have this fragile toy, I would treat him worse than I am treating this. Oh, my time will come! I heard all; I heard his avowal, and the way you received it, and when he kissed you it went to my heart like a sharp sword. Twice I had my pistol and thought I would shoot him. I did not do it. I am sorry I spared him."

"Arthur, for the love of God beware what you say," she cried, in agony. "I would not have you his enemy or mine."

"That is what you said before," he hissed. "What did you mean by the taint in my blood? Do you mean that madness is hereditary in my family? Speak; tell me what you meant."

"I believe you *are* mad, or you would not dare to speak to me in that manner, sir. Out upon you! Do you know how to respect a lady?"

"You drive me wild, and then reproach me for your own work. We shall see. I ask you once again to tell me what you meant by the taint in my blood. Speak out."

"I will not tell you."

"Do not make me desperate. You do not dream how the blood is boiling and hissing through my veins at this moment; it is hotter than the fires of the pit. I cannot endure much more; neither will I do it. You must tell me what you meant."

"Do you threaten me? I thought that you knew that the women of our blood are not to be driven so easily. I said once that I would not tell you, and when I said it I meant to be so understood. Leave me."

He caught her so sharply by the arm that she almost cried out with the pain, but she would not do that. She was too angry to suffer herself to do it. She only stood with her arm in his savage grip, looking at him with a calm, defiant smile. Something in this look cowed him, for he dropped her arm and fell back muttering.

"I shall find those who will protect me from indignities in the future," said Edith. "If I were to tell this insult to my father, do you think he would let you live?"

This roused him to fury, and he again seized her.

"If you do not speak, I will throttle you," he cried, furiously.

She uttered a cry for help, and the young man found himself the next moment lying upon his back upon the floor of the house. He rose upon his elbow, a little confused, but laboring under the impression that some one had hit him. No one was in the room but the Yankee, and he was leaning against the wall, whistling calmly, and whistling a lively tune.

"Did you strike me?" said Arthur, springing to his feet.

"Wal," drawled Jabez, "it ruther runs in my head that I *did*."

"I have wished for an opportunity to punish you for your impudence," said Arthur; "and there is no better time than this."

Jabez did not say another word, but recommenced his whistle, and calmly regarded Arthur, advancing with hostile intent.

"Mean to pitch into me, I guess," he said.

"Now *don't* you do it."

Edith began to tremble for her champion, who did not seem in fighting mood.

"I am going to throw you out of the window in the first place," said Swayne, "and thrash you after it."

"Be you?" said Jabez; "now *don't*!"

Arthur rushed at him, and was somewhat surprised when the long arm shot out and met him, full under the ear. Somehow there was more power in the Yankee than he had given him credit for, and he dropped. Jabez calmly kept his station, looking down upon his fallen foe with undisturbed and quiet visage. Not a frown ruffled the tranquillity of his features.

"Strange thing," he muttered; "man fell down. What will he do when he gets up?"

That question was soon solved. Arthur staggered to his feet and grasped the hilt of his sword, drawing it with a flourish. The moment he did that, Edith uttered a scream of terror, as she saw the peddler completely at the mercy of his enemy. For the first time the eyes of the Yankee began to glow, and thrusting his hand into the breast of his coat, he met the madman who was coming at him sword in hand.

Tableau!

Arthur Swayne, pausing irresolutely, facing a long, bright-barreled pistol, pointed full at his head. Edith clapping her hands for joy, and Jabez smiling a superior smile.

"What makes y'u stop, mister?" he said. "I



don't see why y'u don't rush on with that toad-sticker. I ain't scart a bit. Queer, ain't it? This pistol belonged to my gran'dad. He used to say he could shoot any thing a mile off. It ain't so good, now; but it will shoot a man across a room if y'u only hold it straight."

"Would you kill me, rascal?"

"Wal, I dunno. It's jest this way; y'u take it on y'urself to ketch holt of the nicest gal in this colony, an' treat her rough. I ain't goin' to stand it. Neither will I have y'u stick that long sword into my stummick. I don't think it would agree with me, nohow. Don't let us have no nonsense."

"I will make you suffer for this."

"Gran'dad used to say this weepson would go off of its own accord, sometimes," said Jabez, holding it out with unmoved visage. "That's queer, isn't it?"

"It isn't so funny as you may think. Point it another way," said Arthur.

"I can't; my arm is growed so. I think I could git it down, if y'u was to go out of that door."

"What?"

"We don't want you here. Come; git out! Don't keep us waitin'; my arm is gittin' tired."

Arthur saw the devil gleam in the eyes before him, and began to retreat, keeping his own eye on the pistol. He could not understand the strength of the peddler. He was confident there was not a man in Jamestown who could have knocked him down so easily.

"I'll remember you, Master Peddler," he growled.

"Will y'u? That's kind of y'u. Ef I thort y'u would forgit me I'd give y'u my keerd. But, I don't think y'u will. Good-by. Call in ag'in when y'u hain't got so much time to stay."

"You shall pay for this," said the young man, in a threatening tone.

"Shall I? Now don't hurry away. I'd like to have y'u come, and come off'n. Only don't be so loose with yer han's. I'm nothin' but a peddler. But, dod rabbit my hide, ef y'u tech the lady ag'in, I'll take the skin off yer body. I don't like to do it, but ef I promise y'u, jest so sure I'll do as I say. So look out for y'urself, my man."

"Take care. I have not seen the deepest of you yet, my good peddler. You are something more than you are willing to allow."

"I guess you lie," said Jabez, coolly.

"What?"

"Now don't rile up. What's the use? It won't do y'u no good, nor it won't help y'u. I've made up my mind what to do, and I mean business. Now jest you bet on *that*!"

"Do you uphold this scoundrel in his insult to me?" roared Arthur, backing out slowly.

"Do not speak to me, Arthur Swayne," said Edith. "After what has happened, you ought to know that you cannot even be a friend of mine."

"Never?" he said, sadly.

"No, never!"

He went out then, looking back now and then, and passed on down the street. Jabez looked after him with a laugh.

"Kinder riled," he said. "His own fault. Orter knowed better than to tech a lady."

"Was there any truth in his guess that you are other than you seem?" said Edith.

He looked at her with a queer smile.

"Don't y'u ask questions," he said. "Leave it all to time."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PURSUIT OF BACON.

WHEN Samuel Lawton reached the middle of the village, he found it in great confusion. Armed men were hurrying toward the central square, where quite a large force had already collected. Into the crowd he worked his way, and found a man whom he knew who was not armed except with a sword, and who was coolly watching the proceedings of the others. Yet there was an expression of concern upon his face.

"What does this mean, Casey? Why are these men collected here?" said Sam.

"They are going after Nat Bacon," said the man called Casey. "Shall we let them do it?"

"Wait. Let this matter ripen. Is Berkeley here?"

"He will be here in a moment," said the other.

"There he comes now."

As he spoke, Sir William Berkeley, followed by two or three of his partisans in the Assembly, came through the crowd. He started and looked angrily at Lawton, as he saw his face.

"What are you doing here, sir?"

"I thought men in this colony were free to come and go as they liked."

"Perhaps they are," said Berkeley. "But we do not accord the same privilege to traitors."

"Do you call me traitor? But that you are old and have the sanctity of gray hairs to save you, I would cram the foul lie down your throat! I am no traitor."

"Perhaps you will say that Nathaniel Bacon is no traitor, either?" said Berkeley.

"He is no traitor. If the man lives upon this soil who has the good of Virginia at heart, that man is Nathaniel Bacon. Nay, do not start and look so fierce. I tell you in your teeth that Nathaniel is a purer man than any I see here. His large brain can comprehend the destiny which is before Virginia, and, knowing it, he will do his best to save the colony from the evils which you are bringing upon it. What is his crime? He has gone to protect the frontiers from the savage tribes you have refused to attack! You shall not call him traitor."

"Say you so? I have this day taken off his title as a member of the council, and pronounced him a dangerous traitor. At daybreak I march to attack him and put him down."

"I warn you against it."

"The warning is thrown away. We will go."

"You had better not. I cannot believe that the people of this colony will suffer one of her true sons to be so abused."

"Speak another word, and as there is a Heaven above us, I will have you arrested!" roared the governor.

At this moment, Mr. Drummond forced his way through the crowd and seized the young man by the arm, as he was about to shout back a defiance to the governor.



"Come away, you hot-headed doukey," said Drummond, making no choice of his words in his anger. "Do you know what you are doing?"

"He insulted me," said Sam, rather sheepishly. "Could I say less?"

"Yes; you ought to rein your tongue. Do you understand all this?"

"Yes. The governor is going after Bacon. We must do something."

"That is understood. In the mean time be cautious. What if you had made use of language sufficient to give the governor an excuse for locking you up?"

"It was foolish. I am glad you came. Let us stand here a while and watch them. Is Edith alone?"

"No. The Yankee is there."

"Oh! Can you trust him?"

"Umph, yes; you may trust him. How many of our men do you see here?"

"Twenty or thirty," said Lawton, running his eyes over the crowd. "Why?"

"Oh, we might need them. Keep quiet now, and watch Berkeley."

They saw the governor walking to and fro among his partisans, whispering to this one and that, giving his orders in a low tone of voice. They understood by these movements exactly who to trust and who not. As they stood there, they saw Arthur Swayne come hastily down the street, and draw the governor aside.

"That means mischief," said Drummond. "I forgot him, and left him at my house. We cannot do anything yet, and it will not do to show ourselves too much."

"Let us stay. It will look as if we feared them, if we go away," said Lawton.

"That will not do. I tell you to come away at once. Do not say a word, but come."

Lawton demurred, and while they were talking two men came up and arrested Samuel. They had a warrant from the governor, in regular form, empowering them to take the body of one Samuel Lawton, and place him in prison, there to be held until such a time as he could be tried for sedition, revolt and for reviling the person of the governor. A tumult arose in the street. Swords were drawn on every hand, and but for the prompt action of Mr. Drummond, blood would have been shed. He held the arm of Lawton, and would not let him draw his sword.

"Peace, men of both parties! Let no man here who is a friend of mine or of Samuel Lawton, dare to draw a sword. He yields him to the justice of the governor. Do not speak, for the sake of Heaven, Samuel. All depends upon your yielding now—upon your discretion."

"He is right," said Lawton. "Sheathe your swords, my friends. I will go to prison as gayly as if to my wedding."

A murmur began to arise even among the partisans of the governor. What had the young man done but to uphold their rights, after all?

"A Virginian goes to prison, my friends," said he. "When the door is closed on me, I ask you to think the matter over and decide what I have done amiss. I bid you good-night."

The guards closed in about him and he was led away. Drummond accompanied him to the

door of the jail and pressed his hand warmly at parting. Then he went slowly back, and on the way met the governor and Arthur, in close consultation.

"What think you of our model youth now, Master Drummond?" asked the governor.

"I think he has been foolish, but not criminal," replied Drummond. "Your Excellency should think soberly of these things and not be too hasty in your judgment. It is not a small thing to do, when you send one of the first men in this colony to prison upon so slight cause."

"I do not know what you call slight cause," said the younger man. "I know that both Bacon and yourself are implicated in the same slight crime, and if I had power, I should string you up as high as the trees grow as an example to all rebels."

"Was it to pick up some crumbs of knowledge that you were playing the spy and eavesdropper at my window to-night?" said Mr. Drummond. "Fortunately nothing was said which had a very deep meaning. My dear sir, you are young; you are very young. You will know better when you are older. With age comes reason, they say. I hope it will come to you soon."

"If you are trying to exasperate me, Mr. Drummond, you are very likely to succeed," said Arthur.

"Exasperate! Nay, I have no such desire. Pass on, in God's name. I want nothing more to do with you."

The two passed on down the rapidly darkening street. Drummond looked after them a moment and went on his way, when, from the shadow of a house near by, a figure came quickly out and joined him. It was the peddler.

"Trouble ahead of y'u, ain't thar?" he said, hurriedly.

"Yes. Lawton is in prison."

"Fact? Now, that comes of bein' hot-headed. Ef it had been y'u or me, we wouldn't hev gone tu prison. Not a bit; we wouldn't hev said nothin' tu take us thar. Now, something must be did. It ain't jest fair tu shet up that young man. I ruther like him. He is a good boy, only a little hot-headed. I'm right sorry he's got took."

"So am I. But it could not be helped. Come with me. We will talk more of this."

The morning came, a bright, clear day in spring, and the troops of Berkeley assembled on the village green and marched out upon the trail after the troop of Bacon. They made a gallant show, horse and foot, their bright arms glittering in the sun-fays. But Drummond, Casey, and others of that party stood looking on, making no demonstrations. Berkeley had hoped they would do something while his troops were in such high feather, for he would have had the best of his enemies then. Arthur Swayne, who had that day been appointed a colonel of militia, rode at the head of the troop of horse under his command, his fine figure set off to great advantage by his neat uniform. As he passed a house at the head of the street, a beautiful woman came out and beckoned to him.

"Will you give me leave a moment, Sir William?" said he. "My mother calls me. I will overtake you on the way."



The lady, putting up her hands, drew his face down to hers, and kissed him on both cheeks. "My dear boy," she said, "you are going to battle. I could not see you go without wishing you God speed."

"I thank you, mother," he said, returning her caress. "I will take care of myself."

"Why is your face sad?" she said.

"Is it? I ought not to feel sad upon the day of my triumph. I received my commission as colonel to-day, and am the trusted friend of the governor. What cause have I to be sad?"

"No cause, I grant you. Yet, you are sad. You may deceive others; you cannot deceive me. Nay; you never did. You always told me your griefs."

"Because I know that I could come trustingly to you for consolation—because, when I am sad, your love is enough to atone for all. What is this fever in my blood which I cannot understand? Mother, I asked Edith Drummond to marry me last night, and she refused me. No matter. I am proud enough to bear that without repining. But she said something to Sam Lawton about a taint in my blood. What does she mean?"

The face of the lady grew pale, and she gasped for breath.

"A taint," she gasped. "Who said there was a taint in your blood? Who dared to say it? I did not know Edith could be so cruel. Did she tell you that?"

"She did. At least, she told it to Lawton, and I overheard it. Don't dare to keep it back. Tell me at once what I have to fear."

"I have nothing to tell."

"Mother!"

"No, I have nothing to tell. Edith Drummond does not know what she talks of. Why did you seek her without asking me? I could have told you that she loved young Lawton. Oh, my son, my son; the fruit of that sad time is coming home to you. Do not listen to idle tales. Oh, why did you not come to me first?"

"What good would that have done?" he said, sullenly. "I would have asked her all the same. Besides, I knew as well as you that she liked him the best, but I could not destroy the vague hope I had in my breast that my eloquence might be stronger than her love for him. I love her desperately, madly. My life is at her disposal."

"And how could she refuse you, my boy, my beautiful, my brave! She is a proud-hearted girl and I will love her no longer."

"Don't speak against her, my mother. I can't bear *that*. I don't hate her so much as Lawton. He is to blame."

"Hate no one, my son," said the lady, patting her arms about his neck. "It is not right. And he would not willingly do you harm."

"Will he not?" said the other, in an angry tone. "Do not say that. He has already done me the greatest wrong one man may do another. But, why do you not tell me the meaning of the scorn Edith Drummond put upon me?"

"It meant nothing. There; go your ways, in God's name. You have your mother's blessing. Though all the world forsake thee, yet will not I. Be steadfast to your love for me, as I will be to you."

"I can trust you, my mother," he said.

"Then you will not tell me? I must work it out for myself. Lawton knows it. I can get it from him, for he hates me."

"Do not go to him! Stay. You are asking for the knowledge of something which will embitter all your life. You do not know what you demand. Be satisfied with the position you hold and seek no new. Let it suffice you that you live, honored as the son of Egbert Swayne should be, and raised to high rank in this colony. What you seek to know would gall your pride, nothing more. For this reason, I would have you ask no questions."

"Mother," said the young man, "you would do better to give me the explanation I desire. I shall find it out in time. What is the broad arrow upon my shoulder? Who put it there?"

Mrs. Swayne staggered, as if he had dealt her a blow. He saw her agitation and followed it up.

"The mark has some symbolic meaning. You never put it there. Then who did it? I met an Indian in the forest, not long since, and we had a quarrel over a deer. It came to a finale at last, and in the end he got the best of it, for he was a strong fellow. But, in the struggle, he tore the clothing from my shoulder and revealed the arrow. The moment he saw it he gave up the deer to me and submitted like a slave. He babbled of some Indian chief, Kee-na-ter or Kee-na-too, I don't exactly remember, and of Rena, the Snow-Bird. Now I ask you who put the arrow on my shoulder?"

"An Indian," said Mrs. Swayne.

"When?"

"When you were a child. You press me too hard. Go away now, and upon your return I will tell you all if you still insist. Perhaps it is better you should know."

He kissed her lips fervently and put spurs to his horse. She looked after him with tears in her eyes. "The wild blood will show," she muttered. "How will it end?"

## CHAPTER VII.

### LAWTON OUT OF PRISON.

THE troop of Berkeley marched on beside the river, toward the north, upon the course taken by the followers of Bacon, who had a long start, but they must pass through a country infested by Indians hostile to them and friendly to the governor, and must move slowly. Berkeley had hardly marched two miles when the long roll of a drum sounded in the direction of Jamestown. He paused, while Arthur Swayne swore a sounding oath.

"The curse fall on that Drummond," he cried. "You would have done well, Sir William, if you had suffered me to put him in prison along with Lawton."

"How could I? The rascal gave me no opportunity, and even counseled Lawton to yield."

"Ay, he is a deeper knave than his fellow-traitors. There is nothing for us, Sir William, but to turn back."

"And leave Bacon to conquer the Indians and thus gain notoriety? I can not do that."

"You must; there is no option. Hark to that drum! It calls the disaffected together, and when you return, doubtless you will see our good friend Drummond haranguing the people



from some doorstep—perchance from that of your own residence.”

“I can not go back,” replied Berkeley savagely. “March!”

The troops again set forward, and for half an hour pursued their course uninterrupted. Just then the rapid beat of coming hoofs announced a horseman at hand. The next moment a mounted man, his horse in a foam, dashed up to the cavalcade and reined in his panting steed close to the governor. He recognized in him one of his own partisans, who had been left in the village for the purpose of watching events there.

“How now, Garbetts!” he cried. “What is your news? Speak quickly.”

“Return, Sir William. The people of these counties are assembling at beat of drum. Even now Samuel Lawton is haranguing an armed crowd before the Assembly chamber.”

“Lawton! I left him under guard.”

“The crowd threatened the guard, and they let him out,” said Garbetts. “Do not hesitate; much mischief will be done if you do not return.”

“I thank God you have come, Garbetts,” said the young man, eagerly. “Now, Sir William, I ask you to turn back.”

“It must be done, Arthur. But, by the life of my body, I would sooner cut off my right hand at the shoulder than do it. Have your way; give the order to return.”

“Halt!” cried Arthur. “Face about; march! Sir William, give me leave to take the mounted men and go in advance, to see the depth of this knavery.”

“You have leave,” said Sir William; “and if you cut down a man or two, in the execution of your duty, no one can blame you. I care not if it should happen to be Drummond or Lawton.”

“I understand you. Cavalry, attention. Close files. Trot.”

Berkeley looked after the disappearing troops with a grim smile. “Hot blood—hot blood,” he muttered. “Some of these traitors will suffer I fervently pray; and then I can lay any excess at the door of my friend Arthur. What a fine thing it is to have another assume the responsibility!”

Arthur rode rapidly on at the head of his troop, debating what he should do. His course was soon decided. He would ride on, and if the rebels were up, he would ride them down without mercy.

The village was now in view, and he perceived a great commotion within. The loyalists pressed on. Cheers were heard, and then the tones of a commanding voice. Arthur recognized that voice, and setting his teeth hard, drew his sword and dashed down the street, followed by his armed followers. He saw Samuel Lawton standing on the steps of the Assembly chamber, speaking to an excited crowd. So deeply engaged were they that they did not heed the approach of Swayne until the horses began to break into the crowd.

“Disperse, ye rebels! Cut down yonder traitor and escaped prisoner where he stands. I will be your surety.”

A hoarse murmur was heard in the crowd as they broke up. Some twenty or thirty deter-

mined men mounted the steps by Lawson's side and drew sword and pistol, exchanging defiant words with those of Swayne's party.

“They must dismount to get at us here,” said Samuel. “Stand to your arms, gentlemen. There is no warrant for them to assault peaceable citizens. Let us show them that the good people of Jamestown will never be slaves to any power on the earth.”

“By our faith, no,” said the stalwart man whom Bacon had addressed as Ingram on the first meeting of this kind. “We will stand by you. Come on, my lads. Who of you will be the first to taste cold steel?”

Swayne's followers were in no haste to attack. While they could assault a crowd on foot, it was another matter to rush up the high steps in the face of leveled steel.

“Are you all cowards?” cried Arthur. “You, who are ready to follow me, dismount. Let the cowards stay, and act as horse-boys, if that suits them better.”

Most of the men leaped from their saddles and followed their impetuous young leader. The first rush carried the assaulted party back a pace or two, but they recovered directly and turned a wall of steel against the enemy. The combat, at such close quarters, was necessarily bloody. Two men on the side of Swayne had rolled down the steps, one of them mortally wounded, when the blast of a bugle announced the coming of a new force. Arthur, then engaged in a personal combat with Sam, looked over his shoulder, his antagonist dropping his point courteously to allow him to do so, and saw a sight not over pleasant. Two hundred men, well mounted and appointed, were marching down the street under the lead of a man whom Lawton greeted with a smile. The face of this person was in part concealed by a mask, which covered his features down to the mouth.

“It seems this rebellion is well planned,” said Arthur, fiercely.

“So it seems,” said Sam. “Away with you, while there is time; we have no desire to shed blood. You, who will follow me, and meet the gallant Bacon on his return, get to horse.”

Nearly all who had been his auditors during his speech soon appeared on horseback, and nearly four hundred men marched out in a body, taking the direction of the Williamsburg Plantations, from which the new body of troops had come. Arthur, who could do nothing to stop them, saw them depart, full of rage. Lawton rode by the side of the masked leader of the Williamsburg troops, engaged in earnest conversation. Half an hour after, Berkeley came into the village, and he had in his company that worthy man, Jabez White, of Boston. He had found him by the roadside refreshing the inner man with a hearty meal, while his horse cropped the grass near at hand. Jabez, whose bump of veneration was not large, had at once proposed to trade horses with the governor.

“I remember this fellow,” whispered a major who rode near his Excellency. “He is a friend to Swayne; at least, the colonel brought him in the other day.”

“Fact,” said Jabez. “We met out in the woods an' I tried to sell him a dorg. Any of you want to buy a dorg?”



"No," said the governor. "Bring them some of you."

"Oh, I ain't a grain proud," said Jabez. "I'd jest ez lieve ride with y'u ez not. I seen a right spry lot of men go by a minnit ago."

"Ride close to me and tell me about it. Which way were they going?"

"Wal, they were goin' tu Williamsburg, I guess. Anyhow, they was headed that way. I've been up that way sellin' some medicines and notions. Don't want any medicine, du y'u? Wal, don't r'ile up. How did I know but y'u might? Y'u fully looked it; fact. I was comin' along the road, not ten minnits ago, and they come, nigh on fo four hundred men, a-spankin' along on the'r hosses, large ez life."

"Who led them?"

"Wal, I reckon it were the young feller y'u put in the jug, yesterday."

"In the 'jug'? What do you mean by that?"

"In durance vile, I mean. Shet up in jail, you know. He was there, ridin' on the most eternal neatest boss y'u ever see. They looked mighty neat and scrumptious, I guess."

"Who could they be?"

"Wal, a good sprinklin' of them cum from Jamestown an' the rest from Williamsburg, I guess. I've seen a good many of 'em in Jamestown sence I've been here."

"I do not know what business you have here at all. I wish these northern colonies would keep their bloodsuckers at home."

"They ain't hurt y'u, hev they? I'm a poor peddler. I wouldn't do no one any harm. I want to sell my goods. Want tu buy any ile?"

"Nonsense. Push on. I am afraid some evil has befallen Arthur."

A smile passed over the face of the peddler, but he said no more and rode on by the side of the governor, until they had nearly reached Jamestown. Then he asked the governor to protect him from Arthur Swayne. "He's got a spite ag'in' me," he said.

"What did you do to him?"

"I hit him, I guess," replied Jabez.

"What? And why did he not kill you?"

"'Cause I wouldn't let him," said Jabez.

"You see a man that travels in a strange kentry hez tu carry firearms. I had a little pop-gun under my coat."

"Why did you strike him?"

"He was takin' liberties with a young lady of my acquaintance. So I hit him."

"Then settle it yourself."

"I'll hev tu. Ef he lays a finger on me I'll sheat him, so help me gosh."

The governor said no more until he caught sight of Arthur advancing to meet them. "You would do well to keep out of sight if you are afraid of Colonel Swayne. He is hot-blooded."

"I ain't afraid," said Jabez, coolly.

Arthur was in no mood to notice the Yankee. His mind was occupied by the actions of Lawton, and he told the governor what had happened.

"Two men wounded! Who are they?"

"Garbetts and Raynor. Both men were cut down by one man, Ingram of Henrico."

"The burly ruffian. I will make him suffer for that. Here is a man who says he met

the troop of traitors on their way to Williamsburg."

"Who; my Yankee friend? Ah, my good sir, I have a heavy score to settle with you."

"You needn't mind. I don't want no pay."

"Did you see a masked man at the head of those fellows, when you met them?" said Arthur.

"No," replied the Yankee. "Masked. What did he want tu du that for?"

"That puzzles me. I am satisfied, Sir William, that the man was not a Virginian. I think I know the leading men on these plantations and there was something in the air of this man which led me to think he was a stranger here."

"But Lawton knew him?"

"Yes."

"And you saw no masked man among them?"

"No. Thar wasn't no masked man when they passed me. Lawton was ahead. Come; don't let us fool away time. I've got about the neatest pair of spurs you ever see. I'd like to sell 'em to some one. I don't much keer w. Only it wouldn't seem jest right to put on any rebel critter. My grandad he had

"If you attempt to tell one of your incomprehensible lies now, you villain, I will cut y down to the chin. Look out for yourself."

"Then I won't tell it. But I'd like tu sell y the spurs."

"Don't trouble me now," said the governor.

"Go your way, and see that you hold no communion with these rebels."

"That's all right," said Jabez. "I'm goin' down tu the tavern tu put up my pack. Art that I want a little sleep."

They saw him enter the ale-house known as the Queen, which also gave lodgings to travelers. Half an hour after he came out with his pack and strolled down the street toward the house of Drummond. That acute man had taken no part in the disturbance of the day, being satisfied that it was premature. He was standing at the window, and seeing the peddler invited him to enter, which he did. Edith was watching him too, in the hope of getting some message from Lawton. But, to her surprise, her father retired immediately to his own room, taking the peddler with him. Here they remained for nearly three-quarters of an hour. When they came out the peddler was talking a high key.

"No, I can't, Mister Drummond. It ain't fair to my fam'ly. I'd du it ef I could. But when you ask a man to sell an article like that for the price, 'tain't jest right."

"We will talk about it again," said Drummond. "Perhaps we can come to some agreement."

Edith waylaid the Yankee before he reached the door, and would not let him pass. "You have not given me an opportunity to thank you for what you did yesterday, my friend. Let me do it now."

"Thank me? Sho, now! 'Tain't no use," said Jabez, blushing. "Y'u let me alone. I hain't done nothing at all to git any thanks for. Let me be."

"I will try to repay your kindness in some



way," said Edith. "In the mean time, have you not got any thing for me?"

"Any thing for y'u? I've got the nicest lot of goods down to the Queen y'u ever see. They come to-day in a sloop from Boston. Some handsome dresses an' some woollens. Y'u can't help likin' 'em, I know. What y'u larfin at, young lady?"

"You are determined not to understand me. Are you not charged with some commission to me?"

"I jedge y'u are about the sharpest young lady I've seen in Jamestown. What makes y'u think I've got a message for y'u?"

"Because I think you have been with Mr. Lawton lately, and surely you would not be so cruel as to keep it from me."

"Fact," said Jabez, promptly; and putting his hand inside his coat he drew out a letter, which he handed to Edith. "I don't suppose I'll ever git any pay for it."

"Yes you will. Let me read my letter, and I will pay you."

"All right," said he. "I can't wait fur it much. Take my pay another time, ef it will suit your jest ez well."

"We went out slowly and walked down toward the Queen. Edith read her letter, which was from Samuel, and of as much consequence as her father's letters usually are, and then looked at her father."

"Who is that man?" she said.

"I thought you knew. His name is Jabez Jite, and he—"

"Sir Father, allow me to interrupt you. This man is something beyond a mere peddler."

"Allow me to interrupt you, Edith. Do not be curious. It is a bad habit, and can come to you good. Let matters take their own course."

"He saw that no thing was to be gained by asking questions, and the matter dropped. But she was determined to watch."

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denly upon an armed barque, and were fired upon. Discretion was the better part of valor, and, without exchanging shots with the king's ship, they returned up the river.

"This means business," said Bacon. "I shall be arrested. Drummond was right. We were a little ahead of time."

"Then take his advice," said Lawton. "It will be good."

They had scarcely landed near the plantation of Bacon, when a messenger met them from Jamestown. He was heated by hard riding, and gave a billet to Bacon, who read it.

"Here is Drummond's advice, then," he said. "Shall I take it?"

Lawton read the letter.

"Directly after the receipt of this, you will be arrested. The new sheriff of Jamestown, Colonel Arthur Swayne, is already on the way to make the seizure. My advice is, make no resistance; permit yourself to be taken and tried. The people of Jamestown and vicinity will not suffer them to proceed to extremities, so you need have no fear."

"I think that the best advice you could get," said Lawton. "Hal! Our worthy sheriff is not dilatory in making his appearance, for there he is."

As he spoke, several horsemen appeared at a bend in the river, foremost among whom was Arthur Swayne.

"I give you good-day, Colonel Swayne," said Bacon, as he rode up. "I hardly expected to see you so soon at my plantation."

"I arrest you, Nathaniel Bacon, charged with seditious and treasonable practice, in stirring up riots against the good peace and quiet of our colony; and in marching an armed force upon a friendly Indian village, against the express command of the governor."

"You do your office fairly, Colonel Swayne," said Bacon. "I yield without demur. Does your office refuse me the privilege of allowing one of my friends to ride in my company? If it does not, I shall ask Mr. Samuel Lawton to accompany me to Jamestown."

"He shall go," said Swayne, grimly. "I find that he figures in my warrant as an escaped prisoner. You will secure him. Cut him down if he resists, my lads."

"You might not find that so easy to do, if I did resist, my friend," said Lawton. "It seems we go in company, Nathaniel."

The party made no halt, and it came into Jamestown early in the evening. Before an hour had passed they were in prison, and the news had flown through the settlement of the fact, and the town was again in a tumult. But Drummond, whose policy it was hard to understand, appeased the crowd. The more acute reasoners saw that he was at heart as disaffected as either Lawton or Bacon. The people dispersed. Arthur, when the two prisoners were secured, went down to his own home. His mother met him at the door and he took her hand and kissed her. It was a good quality of this young man that he loved his mother dearly.

Mrs. Swayne's face was very sad, for she had been thinking over the story she must tell him, ever since he had left her. They went into her room together and sat down upon a couch.

"My son," she said, "you have my promise to



tell you this story. I ask you once again to pause. It will be an agony to me to tell it, as it will be a grief to you to listen. My son, my son. If I had died before this hour I should have been content."

"Is it shame?"

"No, not to any but our proud families. No more than what they would call a *mesalliance*. You say that the chief with whom you fought recognized the broad arrow upon your flesh. When you were an infant, scarcely two weeks old, the mark was engraven on your skin. You see it yet remains. You lay upon my knees when it was done. I told you that an Indian did it. It was Kee-na-too, chief of the Shawnees."

"Kee-na-too! The Indian spoke that name. And Rena; he spoke of her. Who was she?"

"Must I tell you?"

"Tell me, or I shall die."

"You must have it then. I, your mother, am Rena, the Snow-Bird, and your father was Kee-na-too."

Had a shot struck down that proud young man, he could not have fallen more quickly than he did. All the mother in her was aroused. She took his head upon her knees and rocked herself to and fro, weeping and calling upon him to speak to her, to give some token that he could forgive her for telling him the story. He awoke with a gasping sigh, and when he saw her face, shuddered through every limb.

"I must tell you, Arthur. I was stolen, when a child, by my uncle, Braxton Keller, and left in the woods to perish. The young Indian, Kee-na-too, carried me tenderly to the village, where I was brought up. Remember, in all this time until I was eighteen years of age, I never saw the face of a white man. I was an Indian in everything. Kee-na-too loved me dearly, and perished in trying to save me from my pursuers. I shall never forget, until I lie in my grave, the terrible scene when my chief died. Braxton Keller, Doctor Boyle, and he, lay dead upon the narrow rock. And you were there, an infant."

"I understand it now," he said, madly. "I know why they look at me with pitying glances. The people of the village know my story, and think it shame to me. Let them beware. The first man who dares to taunt me with my birth must do it at the risk of a dagger in his heart."

"Arthur!"

"I tell you I cannot bear it. An Indian! I do not blame you, of course. You did not know the wrong you did, and I only feel anger at those who dare to reflect upon me."

"Arthur, ask your grandfather; ask the old man, who has always been so tender to you, and who loves you so dearly."

"Ay. The man who brought me back from the Indian village and left me here, where I could learn the sweet uses of civilization only when it will make it the more bitter to know that the blood of the Shawnee is mingled with the pure blood of the Kellers. I know now why you love these brats of Swayne's better than you do me. The dark blood of Kee-na-too cannot be loved like the aristocratic stream which flows in the veins of a Swayne."

The look of suffering in his mother's face stopped him.

"I must be going mad, indeed, to doubt you, my mother," he said. "Forgive me. With all my vices—and they are many—I have kept this one virtue: I have always loved you dearly. And it cuts me to the heart that you should be the one to deal me this terrible blow. Mother, it is terrible. I, who have jeered at the Indians, am myself the son of an Indian. Powers above, why did I not die before this hour?"

"Hear me, Arthur. If ever there lived a man who was noble, it was my savage husband, Kee-na-too. I loved him while he lived; I have never forgotten him, and never will. Do not think so hardly of your birth. Remember how he died, fighting in your defense and in mine. Think of him at his best, as a grand warrior, one who loved me dearly, and died for me."

"I cannot think of him so," said Arthur, with a sort of groan. "It is impossible. Oh, if you only knew how proud I was of my birth, and how I have boasted of it in England! And now? Let no man dare to taunt me. But, let us not speak further of this. I am going out."

"Where will you go, Arthur?"

"Don't ask me, mother. I am going to do a little work for the good of the country."

He passed out into the darkness. As he did so, he was conscious that some one was near him, who had been lying in wait. The flash of light which streamed from within showed him the face of the Indian whom he had fought with in the woods.

"Manton!" he cried.

"Nabolish speaks my name," said the chief. "There is a war-cloud hanging over his people. The Shawnees have again had wrong. I am come to avenge it."

"What is the matter now?"

"You shall hear. A white man came a few suns ago to our village. The warriors knew he came as an enemy. They were angry, and would not let him pass. He asked for corn and they promised to give him that if he would go back. But he would not. Then in the night he came upon us by stealth, and many warriors were slain."

"I know the man of whom you speak," said Arthur; "he is a bad man, and we have put him in prison."

"Good," said Manton. "Nabolish speaks well. Then he shall die?"

"I do not know. Let us speak of another thing. When you saw the broad arrow on my arm, what meaning did you attach to it?"

"That Nabolish had the right to command the Shawnees; to do what he would, and they have to obey."

"That is well," said Arthur. "I may claim your aid before many days; and when I do, see that you obey me. Indian, I know the tie which binds us. I understand that the broad arrow marks me as one of the great Shawnee nation."

"Ugh!" said Manton. "Who tell you?"

"My mother."

"Has Rena spoken? Good. Then you know that you are one of Indian blood. All good. Rena very good, if white. Kee-na-too very good; great warrior."

"Why do you call me Nabolish?"

"Indian name; mean Strong Thunder, in Yengee tongue. One day you tire of white



men. Then you come to Shawnee and be a chief."

"It may come to that yet," said the young man. "And if I do, Manton, if I am forced to join the tribe, there will not be one in all the country who will hate the whites as I will."

"I am good," said Manton. "What I do for you?"

"Remain in the place a day or two. I may want you."

"Good," said the Shawnee. "See you at sunrise."

They separated, and Arthur walked down toward Drummond's. He had no definite purpose in so doing, but rather was drawn there by his love for Edith. There was a light in the window of the large room into which he had peeped on the day when he was detected by the peddler. He crept cautiously up to the window and looked in. Edith was there, alone. His heart beat tumultuously. He had never seen her look so beautiful. The man had strong passions, borrowed from his Indian sire, and they were beginning to show.

The window stood open. He placed his hand upon the sill and stepped into the room. Edith started up in considerable trepidation, which was not decreased by seeing who it was.

"Why do you come here, Arthur Swayne?" she said. "Go away."

"Wait," he said, hoarsely. "I now know why you hate me so. I have been your playmate, and have loved you ever since we were little children together; but, to-night I heard the terrible truth—I learned whose son I am. You could not love an Indian!"

"Ah! Who was cruel enough to tell you that? It could not have been Sam—Mr. Lawton."

"No, it was not Sam—Mr. Lawton," said Arthur, bitterly. "It was my mother; I forced her to tell me. A man with Indian blood in his veins is an outcast."

"How can you say so? You are but twenty, and you hold a high rank in the colony. Your blood has not worked against you. And, Arthur, I know a dozen girls in Jamestown who would gladly be chosen by you. Then why do you not forget me, and marry some one who loves you as you deserve?"

"Do not insult me," he said; "I love but one woman; if I do not have her, I have none. I come to tell you to beware how you rouse the black blood in my heart! If you do, look to yourself; your lover is in prison."

"I know it; you put him there."

"So I did. The day will come when he will go to prison only to come out to die."

"You threaten him. He is not afraid of you."

"That is so," said a quiet voice. "Consarn my pacter ef he ain't at the little gal ag'in. Git, consarn y'u, before I bore a hole in yure karkidge!"

Arthur looked up and saw his friend the peddler leaning against the wall, holding out the long-barreled pistol with which he was already acquainted. Convinced that it was useless to remain, Arthur leaped through the window and was seen no more that night, while the peddler laughed in horrible glee.

## CHAPTER IX.

### UNWILLING GUESTS.

BACON was brought before the assembly. Having had time for reflection, he had decided upon his course, which was to give up, for the present, merely that he might have an opportunity to mature his plans. He confessed his mutinous and rebellious practices; begged pardon therefor; desired the council and burgesses to mediate for him; and proffered his whole estate as a surety of good behavior. Lawton followed his example, much against his will. Arthur Swayne opposed the desire to pardon the two men with all his power, and Berkeley was as set against it. But the new assembly were too much infected with Bacon's principles to allow them to be severe. The governor at last issued the pardon, and replaced Bacon in his seat in the council, after bidding him beware of "two rogues," Drummond and Lawton.

Next day Arthur set about a little plan for the punishment of the Yankee. But, just as he had matured it, the fellow slipped away, and could not be found. Not many days after, Bacon himself disappeared, no one knew whither. Drummond went about with the demure look on his face which characterized him, and was apparently more surprised than any one else when, some days after, Bacon entered the town at the head of four hundred well-appointed men whom he had gathered in the northern counties. The governor had been at work endeavoring to bring in the York training bands, but Bacon came in quickly, disarmed every one in the town, and surrounded the Assembly chamber, in which the council was then sitting. The doors were flung open, and Bacon came into the hall, followed by half a dozen of the young leaders who had enlisted under his banner. The governor rose, white with rage.

"What do you here, vile traitor? Nathaniel Bacon, is this the way you abuse our clemency? We were induced to pardon you because we believed you to be repentant. We will revoke our pardon."

"Nay, good governor, do not get so angry," said Nathaniel, with his superior smile. "It is unnecessary."

"Do you uphold him in this villainy, Samuel Lawton?" cried the governor.

"I do not understand the term," replied Sam. "I have accompanied my friend here, and he has a request to make to the council."

"It looks like a demand, backed by four hundred men," said the governor.

"Nothing of the kind," said Bacon. "We heard you had sent for the York train-bands; so we took the liberty to bring some of our friends. There they are."

As he spoke he took his hat from his head and waved it toward the window. A host of flushed faces were seen, and fuses were bent upon the Assembly, while many voices shouted: "We will have it, we will have it." One of the Assembly, a friend of Bacon, rose in his seat, and shook his handkerchief at the crowd, crying: "You shall have it."

"What do they ask?" said the governor. "Speak quickly."

"It is not much," said the young leader,



"We are determined that I shall have a commission as general."

The governor uttered a cry like that of a wild beast at bay, and tore open the breast of his coat, crying in a wild tone:

"Fore God! fair mark. Shoot. I may as well die now as yield to your infamous demands. I will not do it. Shoot, I say. Why do you delay? Finish your work! Come; be thou Brutus to stab great Caesar."

"May it please your Excellency," said Bacon, "such violence is far from my thoughts. Neither is there any man here who will hurt a hair of your head, or of any man in this council. What we have come to demand is my commission, to save us from the Indians, and that we will have."

A violent discussion rose on every hand, in which Bacon, Lawton, Swayne, and many members of the Assembly participated. The governor sat pale and sad, saying but little. In the end, borne down by the tide of public opinion, Sir William gave his consent.

"Then take your own course," said Arthur Swayne, rising. "Since this man is to command me, I here tender you back the commission you have bestowed upon me."

"You shall not resign," whispered the governor. "Wait. I will not sign his commission."

The Assembly passed an act making the young leader general of a thousand men apportioned among the several counties. At this successful termination of their plan, a great cheering rose on the outside of the building, and almost amounted to a riot. The crowd caught up Bacon and Lawton, carrying them upon their shoulders.

They did not know that the governor was even then meditating a refusal of the commission which Bacon had dared so much to gain. In the end, the commission was signed, and Bacon marched against the Indians. One tribe, which had done great damage to the country, was driven from their lands, and broke up into parties, committing depredations upon the people of the surrounding country.

This was Arthur Swayne's opportunity, and he set about inciting the governor to proclaim the absent leader a traitor, in Gloucester county. The news spread like wildfire, and Drummond was the first to hear it. Two days after, two men came thundering into Jamestown at the best speed of their horses. These men were Samuel Lawton and his queer friend the peddler. Jabez had changed his horse for one of greater speed, and really would have looked well in the saddle, but for the ridiculous costume which he wore.

"That fellow sits too straight in the saddle for a common peddler," many a man thought as they dashed by. They did not pause in Jamestown longer than to find Drummond and get him to join them, which he was now ready to do, and kept on to the Middle Plantations, always the hotbed of this movement, and called a convention. Here the people agreed to support them, even against the king's troops, until they had presented his cause to the king.

Berkeley, awed by the hostile attitude assumed, retired to Accomac, on the eastern shore,

and set about raising troops, accompanied by his flight by Arthur Swayne, who still clung to his fortunes. Here he collected a thousand men, and marched against Jamestown, then in the possession of Bacon's party.

Arthur Swayne was indefatigable, and it was a proud day for him when two ships-of-war and sixteen sloops sailed up the river under his command, to co-operate in the attack on Jamestown, should resistance be made. Bacon had dissolved the old Assembly, and issued writs for a new one. His army had been disbanded, and nothing remained but flight for the present. The men who had followed him before flocked to his banner, and with a force much smaller than that of the governor, he besieged him in the town.

The peninsula on which Jamestown was built was two miles in length by one mile in breadth, washed on the south by James River, and crossed on the north by a deep creek, which united with the river to the east, and ranged westward in a semicircle until within a few paces of the river-bank. The peninsula was low, and full of marshes and swamps, which made the place the most unhealthy in Virginia in the summer. Bacon, assisted by Lawton and Drummond, commenced intrenchments across the neck of the peninsula. It was at this time that he took a strange way of insuring himself against attack while finishing his intrenchments. He was saying to Lawton that he was afraid that Berkeley would sally out and overwhelm them before they were ready, and Jabez, wing and strolled into the camp, put in his car, the army,

"I kin tell y'u how to take keer of tha was much The men who followed Bacon noth brought their leaders, one and all, showed mar'hey balted ence to the opinions of Jabez. Baco the troops different from the rest.

"What would you do?"

"Wal, I guess I'd make the wimmin used to able fur the men," said the Yankee. mean is, send out a comp'ny of hoss an' t'eneral. the wimmin y'u can find an' bring 'em in a few Then I'll be answerable they don't pre the old y'u. What do y'u say?"

"But it will be barbarous."

"No, 'twon't. Ther' won't a hair of their heads be teched, nohow. Only bring 'em here an' give 'em a dinner. They won't want to come, but we will make 'em."

"Ha! ha! capital!" cried Bacon. "It shall be done. Major Lawton, take twenty-five of your rangers and see to this duty. I will write a list of those whom we wish to have captured."

Samuel entered into the jest with spirit, and collected the men he needed.

Before three o'clock he had sent brought into the works twenty ladies of the families in and about Jamestown. The generally took it in good part. A feast was prepared and tables set out upon the grass. The officers of the little army escorted their guests to the tables and did the honors of the feast. In the midst of the merrymaking the distant sound of a drum was heard.

"That's for us," said Bacon. "I knew that Arthur Swayne would not keep so long. It is not to be endured. How dare y break in



"So much good company with their drum! I'll punish them. Mr. Jabez Hawk, I will name you our envoy to them."

"What's an envoy?" said Jabez.

"Don't you know?" said Bacon. "Come, none of that. We know you too well. I want you to go to the coming force of the enemy. Come aside, and I will whisper my instructions."

He led the Yankee aside, and gave him his orders in a low tone. He was then furnished with a white flag; and thus armed, Jabez set out in the direction of the coming foe. Arthur had at length prevailed upon the governor to permit him to march out and attack Bacon, before he had completed the fortification across the Neck. The governor had yielded after persuasion, for he had the utmost fear of the rebel leader, whom he gave credit for the highest powers. What was Arthur's surprise to be met in the road by Jabez Hawk, holding a white flag in his hand, and whistling some bars of a popular melody.

"How du y'u do," he said. "Glad to see y'u, cunnel, that's a fact. Shake hands."

"What do you want here?" said the young man. "Give me a reason why I should not hang you to yonder tree."

"I've got good reasons enough," said the Yankee, calmly. "It's ag'in' the laws of God and man to send a feller-bein' out of the world so sudden. Everybody respects a flag when they see it."

"Very well," said Arthur, impatiently. "I want to meet you. How many men has Jabez Bacon?"

"I don't knowin', couldn't say," said Jabez.

"How many do you think he has?"

"I wouldn't like to have you guided by me," said Jabez. "I might think one thing, but I don't know. I didn't come out here to give you information about the number of men General Bacon has. Ther's a p'izen heap of 'em, I guess."

"I don't think so, y'u jest go in an' see," said Jabez. "I'm goin'," said Arthur, grimly. "He'll pay for that to his cost."

"Great Moses," said Jabez. "Don't tell me y'u're goin' tu pitch into General Bacon."

"That is precisely what I mean to do. Have you come to arrange the terms of surrender?"

"No, I ain't. In fact, I don't think the general had any idee of givin' up jest yit. Ef I know his heart, he means tu lick Mister Berkeley an' y'u right out of yure butes. That's what he means tu do. Now, my gran'dad, he—"

"Silence! State your message."

"How can I keep silence an' state my message? That's what I want tu know?"

"Go on."

"Ain't I goin' on. Wal, mister, General Bacon's got a nice little party to supper, an' he wants y'u tu come. He sent a list of the names of them he wants to attend."

"This passes the utmost limits of impudence. Do you mean to tell me that he has the face to ask us to come to dinner?"

"Why not?"

"I've a good mind to humor him. I will. You can go back and say that he may expect me in half an hour, with six hundred stout fellows at my back."

"That's clever. I'll tell him. The ladies will be glad to see y'u."

"Ladies! What ladies?"

"Some that the general invited to meet y'u. Mistress Annie Yardley, Lady Chichely, Mistress Keller, Mistress Ludwell, and twelve or fourteen more."

"You are a lunatic. What do you tell me? That those ladies are in Bacon's camp?"

"Yaas, they be. An' the general wanted me tu say that he'd like it if y'u would be specially keeful how y'u fired yure guns tu-day, because he wouldn't have none of the ladies hurt."

"The cunning thief. He knew that we dared not attack him while the ladies are there. Does he mean to keep them long?"

"That depends. Some of 'em don't want tu go away. Ther's Mistress Edith Drummond—she really seems tu like it. But then, Major Sam is really a ban'tum feller."

"Do you want me to cut your throat, you villain? Get back to this rebel's den, and say to him that Colonel Swayne sends him a hearty defiance; and when he has sent away the wives and daughters of our leaders from his camp, we will rouse him in his den. Say to this Major Lawton that I hate him, and will make him bitterly repent this last act. You are sure Edith Drummond is there?"

"The last I see of her was when I was a-comin' out of camp. She was sittin' under a tree, an' Major Sam's arm was—"

"Away with you! Speak another word and I will kill you!" roared Arthur.

"R'iles up in a minute," said Jabez. "Wal, good-day. Never see anything like the young men nowadays. They r'ile up so quick. I'll go back and tell the general what y'u say."

And turning on his heel, he went back to camp, laughing as he went.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE DEATH EMISSARY.

THE works were completed even while Bacon's dinner was going on. Not one among the ladies, if she had told the truth, but was secretly pleased with the audacity of the young leader, in bringing them to his intrenchments, thereby making them the safeguard against their husbands. When it was done the general furnished them with an escort, and allowed them to depart in peace.

"Now that they are gone," said the brave fellow, "we may look out for an assault from our warlike Accomackians. I do not care how quickly it comes."

"Hark. Do you hear the drum?"

"Yes. They are on the march. Good luck to them, and may they succeed in routing us out of our nest, if they can."

The roll of the drum grew louder and then ceased. For half an hour all was silent, a silence ominous to Bacon and his men. Then, all at once, a wild cry broke out from a hundred throats, and they saw the green coats of a thousand men as they sprung from their hiding-places and made a rush at the works. That hour of silence had not been wasted by Bacon. His men were all disposed inside the intrenched line and were ready for the strife. When the battle-cry broke out, their shouts answered those



of the enemy. Their numbers were not unequal, in reality—the difference in numbers being counterbalanced by the earthworks which had been thrown up, under the very eyes of the besiegers. As the enemy came across the narrow neck, a close fire was poured in, which swept down many. Suffice it to say that the party of the governor was beaten back and fled to the village, followed by Arthur, gnashing his teeth with rage. He had hardly entered the place when he was met by Manton.

"Ha," said he. "I am glad to see you. The time has come when you can be of service to me."

They entered a room in the Assembly building, of which Arthur had the key, and sat down together.

"I have an enemy," said Arthur.

"Manton know him very well. Hate him too. My brother rest quiet. In a day or two Manton come to him and whisper, 'Enemy dead.'"

"It will be the most pleasant word I ever heard then," said Arthur. "Black curses on them all. We must take to our shipping to-night. I hope you will come to me before a week has passed, and say 'He is dead.'"

"It shall be done," said the warrior. "And he shall not know the hand which smote him."

That night the ships came to the landing. Berkeley embarked with all his troops and dropped down the river some twenty miles. Next day Bacon entered, and took possession of the dismantled town. Drummond and Lawton each went to his own house and took out all small articles of value. Then they came back.

"General," said Drummond, "we have taken counsel, and do not find it just that this town should stand to furnish shelter to the enemy. It is better to consign all to the flames."

"Is that your counsel, Sam?" said the general.

"It is. And to show you that I mean it, I am ready to fire my house with my own hand."

"And I," said Drummond.

"But bethink you, Drummond. You have a daughter, who is the fairest flower which blooms in Virginia. Would you turn her out homeless into the wilderness?"

"He who will not suffer a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed will provide a shelter for Edith," said Drummond.

"Trust me for that," said Lawton. "It will be time to build houses when we have secured our liberties. There is no time to waste. Arthur Swayne's emissaries have been at work, and I heard a moment since that he expects a force of twelve hundred men, who are marching from Potomac. He did not go with the governor. My informant states that he crossed the river and took his course to the northwest."

"Then it is true. This place must not remain a hiding-place for villains and we cannot hold it. Set the example if you will."

Edith Drummond saw her father seize a torch, the fire of a resolute purpose blazing in his eyes. The next moment a column of smoke was pouring out at the doors and windows of the house she loved so well. Samuel was not behind-hand. Catching up a brand, he rushed into his own house, and fired it. The troops caught the infection, and the next moment every one had a torch in his hand. Half an hour after, James-

town was in flames. Not a house was left. Even the church, the first built in Virginia, did not escape the destroying hands of the soldiers. They stood by and watched the mingled smoke and flame ascending, laughing gleefully.

After all had been reduced to ashes the troops filed out of the village, cheering as they went. The man who had told Bacon that Arthur Swayne had gone to meet a new force had told the truth, and indeed he met them a few miles to the north, coming on hastily, and sorely puzzled if the truth must be told, whether to join themselves with Bacon or Berkeley. Most of them believed Bacon's quarrel just, but were swayed by notions of loyalty ingrained in their stubborn natures, to fight in the cause of the king.

It is no wonder that they made feeble foes, and did not cheer very loudly when Swayne told them he had come to lead them on to victory over that traitor to the authority of the king, Nathaniel Bacon, assisted by those rogues and traitors, Lawton and Drummond. But, they followed him. Two days after they met Bacon, marching to meet them. The soldiers of Swayne melted away like snow beneath the sun, and he fled almost alone, still vowing vengeance upon the men he hated. His rage when he heard that his property in Jamestown was committed to the flames, knew no bounds.

Bacon turned, and crossed the river into Gloucester, and there bent the people to his will. Through all these days of marching and peril, Edith Drummond had kept with him, and was their pride and glory. Samuel by her side, talking in a way which gave the happy blushes to her cheeks. They halted at a little village in Gloucester, that they might rest and refresh themselves. They were weary, and needed rest. The troops were averse to it either, for they were not used to long campaigns.

"The way is fair before us," said the general.

"The whole western shore is ours, and in a few days we will enter Accomac, where the tyrant Berkeley hides his head. I will make him repent turning me out of doors, putting me in prison, and proclaiming me traitor so often."

"I hope you may," said Drummond. "But, somehow, in the midst of our success, I think there is trouble ahead."

"None of that, Drummond," said Bacon. "I do not see how you can doubt our success. The least work of all is before us. I never put my hand to the plow and look back. Who is yonder Indian? I never saw him."

It was Manton, who had entered the camp, leading a little girl by the hand. She was an elfish little creature, dressed in a fanciful garb, covered with glittering beads. She held in one hand a sort of divining-rod, which she waved about her head in circles as she approached. Edith uttered a cry of admiration.

"The strange child," she said. "Saw you ever the like?"

The pair approached the group of which Bacon was the center. Manton came quickly to the front and addressed him.

"My brother is a great warrior," he said. "His enemies flee from before his face. None



but a great warrior could make them do this. I humble myself before him."

"Who are you?" said Bacon.

"I am Manton, a chief of the Shawnees. When my brother came to our fort not many moons ago, and brought his braves with him, I was away; if I had been there, perhaps we meet you better."

"Perhaps. You are welcome, chief. Who is this little maid?" said Bacon.

"She is great medicine," replied Manton.

"There is none like her. Reads the stars when they shine in the sky; knows the language in which the little birds sing. Great medicine, very great medicine, is Terah."

"I do not doubt it. Why is she here?"

"She would tell great chief what is coming," replied Manton.

"Very good," said Bacon. "Let us hear it. I am not feeling very well to-day, and the mummery may serve to amuse me."

The child had been well trained in her business. She traced a magic circle with her wand, in the most approved manner, and stood within it. Then she commenced a species of wild chant, and her face became distorted in her inspired frenzy. Her wild laughter startled Edith, and at length the little witch fell upon her face, quaking like an aspen.

"Speak," said the chief, in the Indian tongue, while Lawton translated what he said. "What do you see?"

"I see dark clouds in the white man's sky," said the girl, shuddering.

"What shall be his fate?"

"A cloud is before my eyes. Now it passes slowly away. I see! I see!"

"Tell me what you see."

"The white man must die."

"All must die some time," said Bacon, laughing. "Does your power extend far enough to enable you to tell me *when* I must die?"

Manton put the question.

"The white man must die soon. He has not long to live. Death hangs over him now."

"You are rather hard on me," said Bacon.

"Ask her what the fate of these must be? Will they end their days in Virginia?"

"No."

"Where will they dwell?"

"One must die, the other will live in the Delaware country," replied the girl. "I am not here to speak of them. A time of blood and death is coming to the white men in our country. Many will die by violence. I will speak no more."

The chief asked her many questions, but she would not answer. Then she rose, and took a wicker-basket from her side, from which she drew a small bone amulet and placed it in the hand of Edith, saying something in a low tone, with a smile.

"What does she say?" said Edith, with a light laugh. "I do not understand you."

"She asks you to keep the amulet safe. It will bring you good luck, and if you keep it, you may be in danger but will always escape. I think you had better take it," said Lawton.

"I am thirsty," said Bacon. "Who has a cup?"

The eyes of Manton sparkled, and he took

from his side a drinking-cup of horn. One of the men brought a bottle of wine and filled it. The little maid then took it from the hand of Manton and handed it to the general.

"That wine has a strange taste," he said.

"Here, orderly, wash this cup thoroughly and bring me some water. After all, that is the drink for warriors. I'll go bail you drink no wine, chief."

"Why should a warrior put an enemy into his breast? I will drink no fire-water; it is not good."

The orderly came back with the cup. Bacon drank, after offering the cup to Edith, and returned it to Manton, who attached it to his belt again. This done, he prepared to depart.

"Will you not rest, and take some food?" said Bacon.

"No eat," said Manton. "Done what I came to do. Think what the Little Spirit say. She tell you true."

Then, sweeping a glance upon the faces of those about him, and, leading the Little Spirit by the hand, the chief took his departure.

Bacon felt unwell; a sense of drowsiness was creeping over him which he could not understand. He had not felt well for some days. The bad air of the swamps about Jamestown had in a manner infected him, who was accustomed to the upland climate, and he felt dull pains creeping through his bones, the precursor of the fever. As the day went on, he grew worse.

The doctor was called in. He pronounced it fever, brought on by the malaria of the Southern swamps. He exerted all his skill, but it was of no avail. Before night, Nathaniel Bacon was dead. The great heart which had throbbed only for his country's good, was at rest.

## CHAPTER X.

### ALL IS LOST!

WE pass over those fearful days which followed the death of Bacon. Ere long the men who had been foremost in the insurrection were being hunted like beasts of the forest. The little party which still clung to their cause was suddenly assailed in one of their retreats, by the cavalry of Swayne, and scattered to the four winds. Lawton and Drummond escaped, only to find that Edith had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The blow was too much for Drummond, and he sunk under it. The child he loved so dearly had been given into the power of one who had every excuse for treating her cruelly. What would be the result? They could not pause to think of it, for they were even then treading the mazes of the swamp, pursued relentlessly by Arthur Swayne, led on by Manton, who knew now that he had made a mistake in taking the life of Bacon. For Nathaniel Bacon did not die of fever, but was brought down by the poison which the chief had given him on the day of his death. The blow had fallen upon him instead of Samuel Lawton, because the Indian had made a mistake in supposing that Bacon was the foe of the son of Kee-na-too, indicated by Arthur. He was eager to atone for his fault, and while some of Swayne's men led the captive



girl back toward York River, where all the partisans of Berkeley were collected, Swayne, with ten men, followed the two fugitives into the swamp. It was a terrible chase, and at last the horse of Lawton was shot down upon a little mound, upon which the forest trees grow thickly. They could fly no further, and there was nothing but to turn upon their pursuers and do battle. They were struggling up out of the swamp when the voice of Drummond called them to a halt. Arthur turned a quick glance in the direction of the sound, and saw the old man seated in his saddle with the musket leveled at his head. Behind him stood Samuel, ramming a charge into his weapon, preparatory to defense.

"Stand!" cried Drummond. "You are pursuing desperate men. Half-breed, why do you hound us so closely?"

"Half-breed! Now may your tongue rot out for saying that before my men. You have sealed your own doom, and that of another. Do you know that I have caught the little maid who has so scorned me? Ha! ha! You do not know me. Ah, she shall be mine, scorn or no scorn."

"Be sure of one thing, Arthur Swayne. You shall never live to carry out your threat. Take that."

The weapon exploded and Arthur Swayne fell from the saddle. The shot was returned, and Mr. Drummond fell. He had only time to cry out, "Take my horse and flee, Samuel, for Edith's sake. You can not help me," before he fainted. Samuel cast a glance at the old, firm face and sprung into the saddle. Manton threw himself in the way, tomahawk in hand. But he went down under a blow from the iron-bound butt of the musket which the young man carried, and the white horse bounded away through the swamp. The loyalists were engaged in raising and attending to the colonel. The bullet had glanced along the skull without inflicting a dangerous wound, and after a little attention he was able to take the saddle. But Lawton had too much the start of them to give them any chance of overtaking him, and taking up Drummond, who was severely wounded they carried him by easy stages to the village, where they had ordered the troop, having Edith in charge, to wait their coming.

They found the troop at the village. Edith turned pale and uttered a cry of fear and agony as she saw her father wounded. Even she could not fail to understand the deadly peril he was in. Since Berkeley had gained the ascendancy Swayne had made himself odious by running down and capturing a number of men, who were hanged with barely the semblance of a trial.

"My daughter," said Drummond, "it is sadder to see you here than to know that my race is run. Be true to my name. When detractors shall impugn my motives, tell them the truth. I can die."

"Die! Why should you talk of dying? You have done nothing worthy of death or of bonds."

"Perhaps not," said Arthur. "Nevertheless a military commission shall sit upon his case this very day. And if he is found guilty, as I have no doubt he will be, he shall hang."

"Arthur!"

"The time has gone by for that. You have made me a fiend. The *Indian* will be worthy of his blood. Be sure that I will not discredit my father, of whom you spoke so sneeringly. At any rate he died like a man, not like a felon, as this man shall die."

"Arthur Swayne, is it in your power to save my father?"

"If I cared to do it. But my inclinations do not tend in that direction, unless you give me reason for it."

"What can I do?"

"You can marry me, and if you do your father shall go free."

"Marry you?"

"Just that. But I see it is distasteful to you. No doubt you are thinking of the worthy Samuel Lawton, who had a sort of attachment to you. The good gentleman escaped me. But I hope to have the pleasure of going to his funeral soon. You look at me in surprise. This month of bloodshed has changed me to a tiger you think. Perhaps it has. I seem to delight in blood now. I give you this one chance to save the old reprobate, who deserves death a thousand times."

"Father," said Edith, "can I save you in that way?"

"No, my daughter. Let me die, rather than purchase my life by your dishonor. It shall never be. Call in your minions and do your work as quickly as you can. I, for one, am ready to go," said Drummond, proudly.

"That is your last word," said the other, furiously. "Perhaps you will change your mind with the rope about your neck. You are to be hung. No soldier's death for you."

"Why do you go through the farce of a trial if I am foredoomed?" said Drummond. "Do your worst. Neither I nor my daughter will purchase our lives in the way you have pointed out. Is that your brother?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"The Indian. I thought he might be your brother. Only he is much the better man of the two. He acts according to his gifts which God hath given him, while you abuse yours."

At this moment a cry was raised and a man came riding into the village at a breakneck pace, followed by a lean and hungry-looking dog, who galloped along close to the horse's heels. It was Jabez Hawk. He stopped when he saw who occupied the village, but seeing that there was no escape, he came forward.

"Now Heaven is kind to me this day," said the young leader. "Of all men else I had not expected you. Seize him, men."

"Hold on," said Jabez. "Don't tech me. I'm p'izen mad, an' I might sting. Look at this bit of paper, mister."

He gave into the hand of Swayne a paper, which turned out to be a pass, signed by Berkeley, ordering all men to let the peddler go free, as he was upon business of importance to the colony.

"Umph. So I am not to have the pleasure of hanging you? I have a good mind to tear the pass and finish you. No man ever deserved it more. You are just in time to see a man tried for his life. This gray-headed traitor is to



die this day, if found guilty; and you know he is guilty."

"Wal, I guess he's pretty safe to be guilty, ef y'u have the tryin' of him. Now look here. I'm a plain man, and always say what I think. I think this is goin' to be a murder."

"Is it? You shall find that I know how to avenge an insult as well as another. This man scorned me. And why? Because they said I had a taint in my blood."

"Injun, tu wit."

"Wretch. Do you know it too?"

"I guess I knew it as soon as any of 'em. I know Injun signs. When I see the broad arrow on your shoulder I knew that y'u was an Injun, an' of the Shawnee tribe. Du y'u think that Injun would have spared any one else? I ain't quite a fool."

"Who are you?"

"Me? I'm Jabez Hawk, from Bestin."

"I believe you are something besides a Yankee peddler," said the young colonel. "I will find out who you are yet."

"I hope y'u may. An' when y'u do, let me have the pleasure of knowin', won't y'u? It's a durned queer thing tu me that people will be so suspicious."

"Perhaps. I cite you for a witness to appear before the court-martial which sits in half an hour, at this place, to try yonder man."

"I ain't got time," said Jabez. "Business calls, an' I must go."

"You will find it difficult to go without my permission," said Swayne. "Follow me."

They entered a house at the roadside and the prisoner was brought in. Why dwell upon that trial, in which the man who sat as judge-advocate disgraced himself by assailing the prisoner with abuse of every kind, and said he would hang him higher than Haman. At length the trial came to an end, as all such cruel scenes must, and he was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. They led him out under God's blue sky, and put a rope about his neck. The old man begged a moment's time.

"I ask a single act in mercy at your hands, Arthur Swayne, and then I am ready to die. Remove my daughter. Do not let her look upon my death."

"I will not do it. She has scorned me, and let her take the punishment. Stand still, mad girl."

"God will avenge me," said Drummond. "I am ready."

"Stop," said Edith.

"Do not yield to him," cried her father, holding out his hands.

"I ask a merciful act from you, too, Arthur Swayne," she said. "If my father is a rebel, so am I. He had no command in the army of Bacon; neither had I. We are equally guilty. Let me share his fate. Or, if one victim will suffice, let me be the one."

"Silence! Up with him, boys."

The next moment he was swinging between Heaven and earth. Edith fell fainting to the ground, and remained unconscious until long after the struggles of her unfortunate parent were at an end. Arthur made a signal for some of the men to remove her, while he stood with folded arms, regarding the corpse. He felt that

he had now built up a barrier between them that nothing could break down.

At this moment the voice of the Yankee sounded in his ears.

"Looks nice up there, don't he?"

Arthur turned fiercely upon him.

"If you do not wish to be strung up by his side, you mount your horse and put as much space as you can between us. I have blood enough on my soul without yours."

"May I take the gal with me?"

"No."

"I'd rather du it."

"I tell you to go, if you set any value on your life."

Jabez brought out his horse and mounted.

"Now look here, mister," he said. "Y'u take that body down. He's dead enuff now, an' it ain't fair to wring a heart as y'u are wringin' the heart of that pooty gal inside. I ain't goin' tu take no nonsense. Take it down!"

"When I get ready."

Jabez whipped out a knife, and by a single dextrous cut at the rope, severed it in twain. The body dropped with a dull sound to the earth. Having done this, Jabez put spurs to his horse, and was off like the wind, leaving the other completely thunderstruck by his audacity.

"I can't help admiring the fellow," said Arthur; "his impudence is so completely beyond anything I ever heard of. Confound him, how he rides."

"Seems to me he rides like a man that has been in the saddle before," said one of the men.

"That chap will give you trouble yet."

"I am not afraid of him," said Swayne. "If I meet him again, I will horsewhip him for this feat. Of that he may be certain. Sound the bugle to call out the men. Sergeant, detail five men to bury this carrion. It ought to hang in chains. I will go in and prepare the lady for the march."

He entered the house. Edith was sitting in the center of the room, tearless, voiceless, looking out into space. He spoke to her, and she rose up, recoiling from him with a gesture of such supreme loathing that his heart turned sick. She would hate him like death now.

"You have done the deed!" she cried. "From this time may you never know a quiet hour. May your drink be poison and your food the serpent's venom. May your mother disown you, the friends who have loved you turn from you in disgust. Turn over the record of your life before this hour, and blot all at one stroke; for you have never been guilty of so great a crime as this, and all your good deeds must be forgotten."

"Do you hate me so?"

"Hate you! What a feeble word! It would take but little to induce me to bury a knife to the hilt in your heart. Do not come near me. There is a demon within, striving to make me kill you where you stand, and persuading me that it would be no crime. Go your way; die when you will, but remember that you have earned my deadly hate, and that I am not quite friendless and may find one to avenge my father's death."

"The man on whom you depend shall lie with



your father," roared Swayne. "Soul of my body, you are overbold."

"Am I? I forgot who you are. I forgot that you are the man who has the tiger-blood of the savage boiling in his veins. I can forgive you something on *that* account."

"Do you know why he died?" hissed the colonel. "Understand that the wretch has gone to his grave because he called me a half-breed. That I will not endure. But prepare yourself. I intend that you shall go with me at once."

"Not until I see my father put into the earth."

"That is done already."

"At least I must see where he lies."

"I have not the time to waste. Get ready. We have a long ride before us. That cursed Yankee is in front, and how can I tell that he will not raise the country on us."

"I hope he may," said the girl hopefully. "I will go."

They went out together. The cavalry were already in motion, and they moved on at a quick pace. They had scarcely gone two miles, when Arthur began to look uneasily from side to side, as if apprehensive of attack. Edith noticed the action, and loosening a scarf from her waist, she raised it in her hand, and suffered it to flutter over her head. The signal was seen and answered by a pistol-shot not far away. Arthur seized the scarf and savagely tore it out of her hand.

"What would you do?" he cried. "Foolish girl, you will bring destruction upon yourself. Let me see you make any more signals, and I will bind you hand and foot."

"You are base enough to do anything—even that," she answered.

The sounds about them were decidedly unpleasant. Every now and then the blast of a bugle, coming from the hills on every side, announced that the foes were gathering in from every direction. Swayne looked uneasy; he knew that he was personally unpopular in the colony, except in a few cases, and he had no doubt that the insurgent leaders would hang him if he was taken. There was but one resource, and that was to fight his way out. He looked at Edith, and uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"I will take a leaf from Bacon's book," he muttered.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WHO WAS JABEZ HAWK?

THEY had not gone a hundred yards further when a wild cheer was heard, and a troop of horse came out against them, led by Jabez Hawk. He did not seem to be the same man, for in his right hand hung a ponderous saber, which he flourished like one accustomed to its use. The clothes he wore were the same, but the man was changed. The men who followed him were admirably mounted, and seemed to follow their leader gladly. His voice rang out a terrible war-cry, and this was the shout:

"Death to Drummond's murderer!"

Arthur heard the cry and turned pale. At the same time he caught sight of Lawton, riding by the side of Jabez, upon the white horse which Drummond had ridden that morning. The face

of the young man was pale, but the hand which grasped the saber was firm, and he pointed out Edith in the midst of the enemy.

"There she is, sir," he said.

"I see," said Jabez, speaking without a particle of the nasal twang which had distinguished him before. "She must be saved for Drummond's sake! Think what I suffered this morning, my boy! I stood by and saw him hung, and could not lift a hand to aid him."

"We can at least avenge him," said the other.

"Ha, what does that mean? Their bugles sound a parley."

"Very good. Let us see what they want."

The ranks opened and Arthur rode out to a place where he could be heard, bearing a flag, and called upon their leader to come out and meet him.

Jabez and Sam Lawton advanced together.

"What do you want?" demanded Lawton, imperiously.

"Do you intend to attack us here?"

"Most decidedly."

"Do you remember the little trick the lamented General Bacon made use of to complete his fortifications?" asked Arthur. "It was a neat idea. I have heard since that our Yankee friend is answerable for it. That taught me a lesson; I mean to profit by it to-day, by making the same use of Edith Drummond that you made of Lady Chichely, Mistress Yardley, and others."

"Do you mean to expose her to danger?" cried Lawton, angrily.

"No; I care too much for her to do that. If any one exposes her to danger it must be you. Understand me; we are about to ride on. Edith Drummond will ride by my side; and as sure as you attack us, so surely she dies."

"Villain! Would you murder her?"

"I love her so dearly, and hate you with such deadly hate, that I would dare any thing, do any thing, rather than see her in your arms."

"Avenge yourself on me, like a man, and let a weak woman pass safely."

"Fate is against me," said Arthur, hoarsely.

"I can do nothing against you. No, let me repeat, that the first shot from you will be a dagger in her heart; and to make all sure, I have instructed some five of my men to keep their eyes upon her, and in case I fall, shoot her through the heart."

"Your villainy is deeper than I had imagined," said Lawton. "What prevents me from shooting you where you stand?"

"Policy, my dear major—sound policy. The shot would be the signal for the death of our dear Edith. Here is my breast: shoot me if you like."

"Out, villain! Do not put temptation in my way. Wretched man that I am! Can I do nothing to save her?"

"Come away," said Jabez. "He's too many for y'u, major."

"It is hardly necessary for you to keep up the Yankee in my presence, sir," said Arthur. "I do not know who you are, but I have seen enough to satisfy me that you are not what you seem, though a skillful actor."

"Du tell," said Jabez. "Come along, major. No time to waste."



They turned their horses' heads and rode back. Arthur looked after them a moment, debating whether he ought not to shoot Sam Lawton down, and then beckoned his followers to come on. They obeyed, and he took his station close to the side of Edith, a pistol in his hand.

"Now, girl," he cried, "be silent for your life. If you dare to speak, this bullet is for you. I have told your gallant yonder, and he has retired discomfited."

"He will save me yet," said the girl. "I have faith in him."

"Forward, all; and when you hear the first shot, boys, you know your duty."

They rode on in gloomy silence. The left hand of Arthur Swayne never released the bridle-rein of the lady, and at every sound which came from the thicket he lifted the weapon, prepared to sacrifice her upon the spot. The band which had waylaid them had vanished as it had come, melting away into the passes of the swamps. Yet, Arthur did not feel safe. He was confident that the Yankee would contrive some plan to outwit him, and he must remain on the alert. An hour passed, and nothing was heard of the enemy. Arthur began to think they had given up in despair.

"Push on, men. Once through yonder thicket and we are in sight of York."

They entered the gloomy swamp, where the trailing mosses hung low about them. They had not gone a hundred yards when they heard a shout, and, as if by magic there sprung up at once a lurking foe. First a blaze of fire, then the clash of steel. Arthur turned to keep his word in the destruction of Edith, to find himself face to face with the Yankee! Edith, slipping from her saddle, disappeared as if by magic.

"Half-breed, cut-throat, here is your man! Guard!"

Their blades crossed, and the others about them paused to watch the issue. To the surprise of every one, the sword was wrenched from the hand of the younger man and he stood weaponless. Seeing that, the troop broke and ran, leaving their assailants masters of the field. Wild cheers went up, but they did not hesitate. In a moment they were in the saddle, forcing Arthur Swayne to go along with them, and rode hard until nightfall. Arthur could not fail to see that the peddler was acknowledged as the leader of the force.

They shaped their course for York River. A ship lay at anchor there, from which a boat put out at their signal. Sam Lawton, Jabez Hawk, Arthur and Edith embarked, and in a moment stood upon the deck of the ship. As he trod the deck, Jabez Hawk uttered a shout and tore off his queer trappings, revealing beneath the dress of a captain. A frowsy wig followed, and showed him to be a handsome fellow.

"You do not know me," he said. "I am Captain James Barlow, of Plymouth. You are on board my ship, and you are welcome hither. Mistress Edith, let me show you to the cabin. You will find it more comfortable there. See to the prisoner, Major Lawton. I would not have him escape."

He handed Edith down with the ease and grace of an accomplished gentleman. He returned directly, and faced Arthur Swayne.

"You see me as I am, Colonel Swayne. No longer the Yankee peddler, dependent on my wits for a livelihood, but captain of as fine a craft as sails upon the seas. To-day you forced me to look upon the death of a dear friend. You shall have a trial such as his, and if we find you guilty, you shall die his death."

"For what?"

"For murder! Miserable man, we bear the blood of Drummond calling for vengeance out of the earth, into which you hurried his body this day. Reflect upon the enormity of your crime."

"Do you think I care?" yelled Arthur. "You can only kill me."

"Midshipman Grace, go down and ask Lieutenant Walkett and also Mr. Bland to step up here. We will form the court. It is not necessary to examine many witnesses on this subject. I will testify."

The court was formed and those who had seen the death of Drummond gave their testimony. Edith was not called. It would have been useless pain to her, the captain said. Once or twice Arthur interrupted, defying them to do their worst, but they made no reply. At last he was sentenced to hang, and they led him out. He said no word, but watched their motions as they worked about the fall from which he was to swing. At last they were ready, and Captain Barlow asked him if he had anything to say.

"A curse upon you, murderers, traitors that ye are! You triumph in my death. I should die contented if I could take Sam Lawton with me. Go your ways. Let me die, and the quicker the better."

The captain was about to give the signal when a light form bounded up the gangway and stood before them. It was Edith. Her eyes were fairly blazing.

"What is this?" she cried. "Do you revere my father's memory so little that you give his murderer the peace he looks for? Shall you do murder because he has? Trust me, his sorrow will be greater than he can bear, and you must give him some time for repentance."

"I will not live," shrieked Arthur. "Most of all, I refuse to take my life at her hands. Why do you hesitate? Why don't you run me up? You thought Bacon died of fever. You are a set of fools. Manton poisoned him at my request. Not that I meant the poison for him. It was a mistake. Now will you hang me?"

"Why do you listen to his frantic words?" said the girl. "Is such a man fit to die? Punish him in some way, how I do not care, but do not take his life."

"Mistress Edith, if we promise not take his life, will that suffice you?" the captain asked.

"Yes."

"And will you leave the deck to us?"

"Certainly."

"Then you have my promise," said the captain. "We will not take his life. Allow me to hand you down to the cabin again. I beg you will not come up until this sad duty is done."

She left the deck, satisfied with having saved his life. The officers held a whispered consultation, and then sent a man down who brought up a small brasier, full of burning coals, and a large stamp. Arthur began to understand their design, and his heart failed him.



"What do you mean to do?" he gasped.

"I mean to mark you so that the master you serve will know you again when he meets you," said Barlow, coolly, turning over the brand.

"You dare not degrade me in that way. I am guilty enough to die. Take me out and shoot me, or hang me if you like, but do not mark me."

"You plead in vain. For the sake of that dear girl your life is spared, but you shall not go unpunished."

"I do not ask that," he cried. "Punish me. I deserve it. But beware that you do not put the mark of a felon on me. Remember who I am."

"I know you well," replied the other sternly. "You are the hound of Sir William Berkeley, whom he has let loose from the bush. We will see whether you deserve branding or not."

They seized upon him, blaspheming, begging for death, and bore him down upon the deck, where the strong hands of a sailor branded upon the back of his hands the letter "M," for murderer.

"Now, murderer," said Barlow, "you have the mark of your master. Over the side with him now. Let him swim ashore. No boat of mine shall ever be contaminated by his step again."

Two sailors caught him up and hurled him into the river. As he rose and dashed the water from his eyes, he saw Edith standing at the window, watching him closely. That was enough. He turned his face toward the shore, and soon climbed out of the water. There he saw Manton waiting to receive him.

"Nabolish has escaped," he said. "That is good. I am very glad. Did they use him badly?"

"Don't speak to me now, Manton. Curses on them; how my hands throb. I am disgraced for life. Dare I go back to York? Yes, I must. Manton, follow me. Let me once get them in my power and woe betide them."

As they rose to depart the ship shook out her wings like a bird and sailed down the stream. Arthur clasped his maimed hands above his head in a gesture of agony, and turning, ran off at his best speed toward Jamestown, followed by Manton. There was a grim smile upon the face of the Indian. Nabolish was his!

They met Berkeley in the street, who looked coldly upon him, and gave a slow return to his salutation. Like many another, he wished to kick down the ladder by which he was raised.

"Stop," said Arthur. "What does this mean? I will speak to you."

"Do you forget whom you address, sir?" said the governor. "I have heard of sundry excesses of which your troop has been guilty. It must be looked to."

"I obeyed your orders to the letter," stammered the young man.

"Did you so? You will find it hard to show any order of mine allowing you to hang anybody."

"You old villain," shouted Arthur. "You have me in the toils. Then here is a morsel for your comfort. Lawton has escaped; the man called Jabez Hawk, who is in reality Captain Barlow, of Plymouth, has escaped in his ship; Edith Drummond is with them. Beware how you speak to me, or I will raise such a storm about your ears as will shake this colony from end to end."

"Look you," said Berkeley, coming close to him. "I should be right loth to do you an injury. But, by the life of my body, if I hear from you again, you shall dearly rue it. Your commission shall be taken off this day, and you become again Arthur Swayne, the half-breed."

"Draw your sword, old wretch," shouted Arthur, striking him with the flat of the blade. "Draw, I say! Don't hesitate."

Berkeley shouted for help. Half mad with passion, Arthur hurried home, and got a horse. Mrs. Swayne came out to meet him.

"Where are you gone Arthur? Oh, my son, what are these reports I hear of you? Can it be possible they are true?"

He was already in the saddle, but stopped to strain her to his breast, hurriedly. "All true; all true! I have lost the stake for which I played and will away to the country in which lie my father's bones; and in the after days, let Jamestown tremble when it hears my name! Manton, come!"

The fruit of the unhappy time had come home to her. As she fell senseless on the doorstep, they went away. Manton running by the side of the horse, with his hand upon the saddle. As he left the village Arthur turned and shook his hand aloft. Those who saw the gesture knew that it boded no good to Jamestown.

In a cottage, near Plymouth, Edith and Lawton, husband and wife, waited for the good time when they could return to their own. But they were happy, even in exile. Jabez Hawk, otherwise Captain Barlow, came often to the cottage, to talk of the fearful days of Bacon's rebellion.



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